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TRUE TALES OF
THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

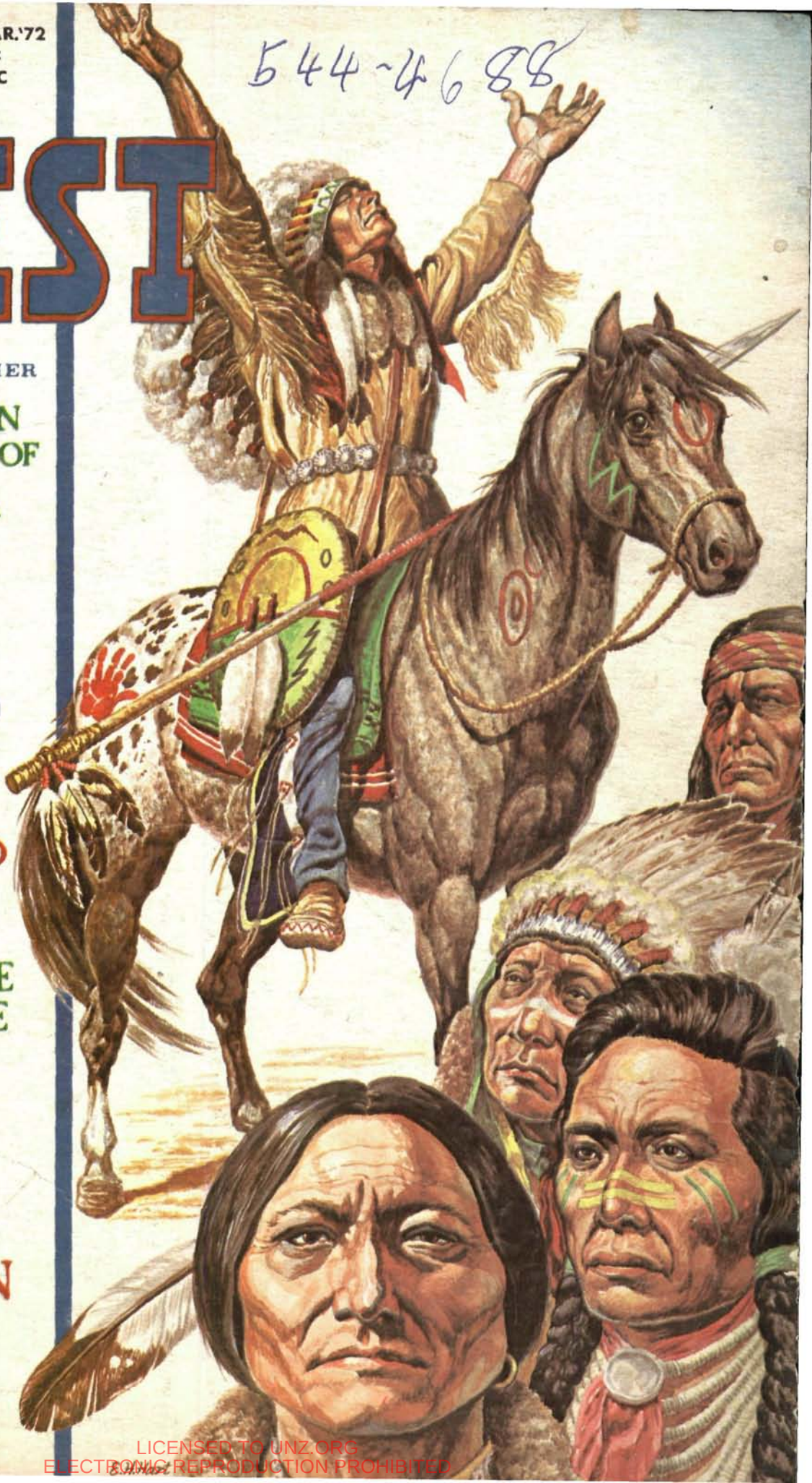
SIDNEY EDGERTON
FORGOTTEN MAN OF
MONTANA

BETHSHEBA,
OKLAHOMA
NO MEN
ALLOWED

KANSAS:
ROCKY ROAD TO
STATEHOOD

COWBOY MOVIE
HALL OF FAME
TOM MIX

REAL WEST
EXCLUSIVE:
THE
AMERICAN
INDIAN
PART ONE



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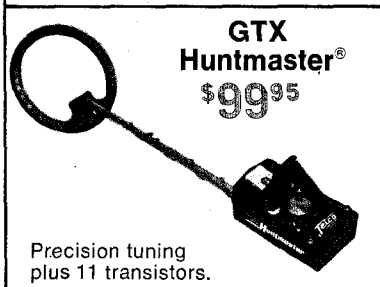

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Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could *you* get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school.* Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes.*

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and *do* something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

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DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 270-49 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

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REAL WEST

Volume XV
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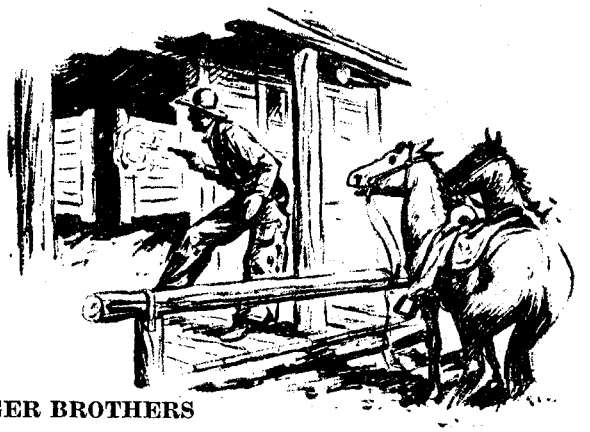

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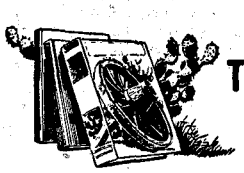

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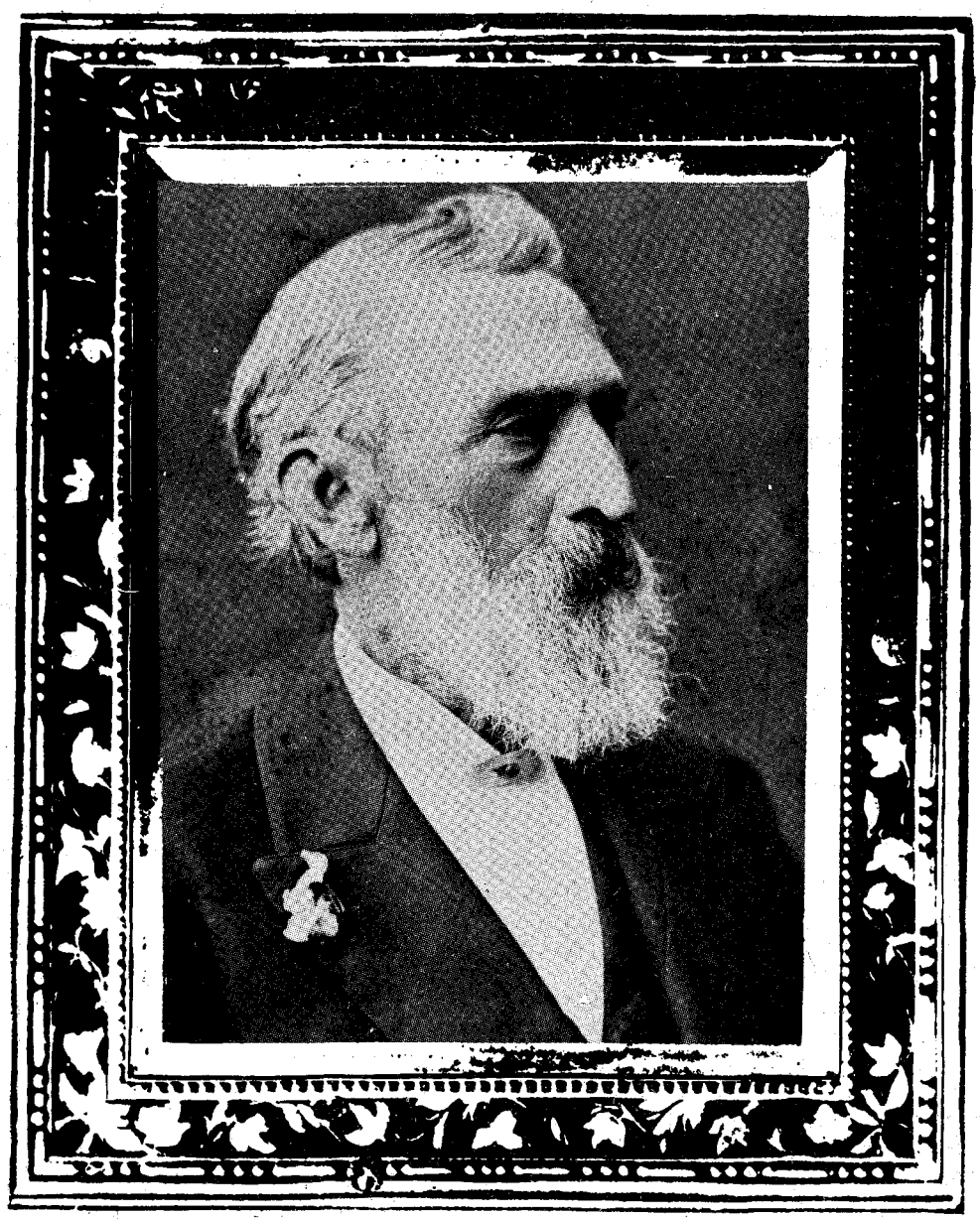
SIDNEY EDGERTON-

by Rex Bundy

When Sidney Edgerton was appointed Chief Justice of the newly created Idaho Territory by President Lincoln, the Vigilantes in what is now the State of Montana welcomed him, thinking he'd tolerate Vigilante Law but Justice Edgerton was a strict law-and-order man!



Edgerton family photo album

Sidney Edgerton, first Chief Justice of Idaho Territory and first Territorial Governor of Montana Territory. He was born in Cazenovia, New York, August 17, 1818, studied law and was appointed Chief Justice of Idaho by President Lincoln on June 1, 1863. He died at Akron, Ohio July 19, 1900.

In all that region, from which later emerged the State of Montana, there is nothing named in honor of Sidney Edgerton. The man whose efforts were instrumental in the founding of that vast region as a Territory.

To understand something of this neglect, it is

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Forgotten Man Of Montana

Copyright Rex Bundy 1971

necessary to know the man — his character, his beliefs, and his thoughts. This can only be determined from his efforts, and works, during that time in history when the United States was shaken to the very core of its existence by the Civil War.

Sidney Edgerton possessed a rapier-sharp tongue. He had the courage, and the convictions, to use that tongue on anyone regardless of that person's self-esteem or self-importance. He possessed a legal mind second to none in the United States and had the education to back that mind from one of the finest law schools. He was set in his views, and his particular hatred was the institution of slavery in any form.

Edgerton never did concur with the formation of the Vigilantes in Montana as an institution of Law and Order. He described them many times as nothing but a lawless mob no better than the men they hanged. No matter how necessary for the preservation of life and property; to him, with his training in law and his legal mind, they were still an unauthorized mob.

This stand did not endear him to the men that organized the Vigilantes even though his own nephew, Wilbur F. Sanders, was their official prosecutor. Some of these men went on to become the so-called founders of Montana Territory although many were more interested in accumulating a fortune, by any means at their disposal, than they were in creating a new Territory. But, all their reminiscences were notable by ignoring the name of Edgerton and all he stood for, and were also notable for blowing their own horns loud, long, and strong.

Sidney Edgerton was born in Cazenovia, New York, August 17, 1818. His father, Amos Edgerton, a teacher by profession, was blind and died when Sidney was six months old. His mother, Sophia Zeriah Graham Edgerton, left in straightened circumstances, could support her family for only a few years, and at the age of 8, Sidney was forced to find work to support himself and aid in the support of his mother.

Sidney was fortunate, however, in that his grandfather, Caleb Graham, did not have the same hide-bound views on the education of women as held by most New Englanders of the late 1700's, and had provided a fair education for his daughter, Sophia Zeriah. It was his mother who tutored young Sidney during the time he had to work, and who urged him to attend the district school during the time when weather made work unavailable. This enabled him, at the age of 17, to start teaching in the district schools where he soon earned enough to enter Wesley Seminar at Lima, New York where, after graduating, he was hired as a teacher.

In the early spring of 1844, Sidney went to Akron, Ohio. This was after corresponding with a noted lawyer of that day, Judge Rufus F. Spalding, who assured him of a position in his law offices where he could read for the law. He studied here for one year and in the winter of 1845, took a teaching position at the Tallmadge Academy at nearby Tallmadge, Ohio. It was here that Sidney met the girl that was to become his wife. Their courtship was a stormy one and sounds much like an old-fashioned novel.

Edgerton family photo album

Mary Wright Edgerton, wife of Sidney Edgerton. Their courtship was a stormy one and sounded like an old-fashioned romantic novel. She accompanied her husband to Idaho via wagon train and established a home in Bannack.

Mary Wright's parents bitterly opposed their marriage. Her father, Alpha Wright, was a Puritan by birth and upbringing, and doubtlessly had many of the faults ascribed to Puritans. The fact that Sidney was not a member of any church was, to them, a sin of the greatest magnitude. Mary, of course, was heartbroken about their opposition but accepted their decision, as she did all trouble — uncomplainingly.

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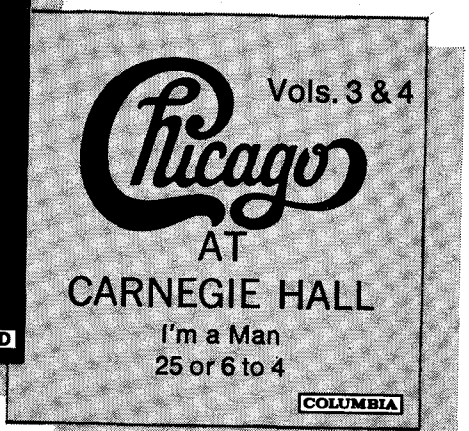

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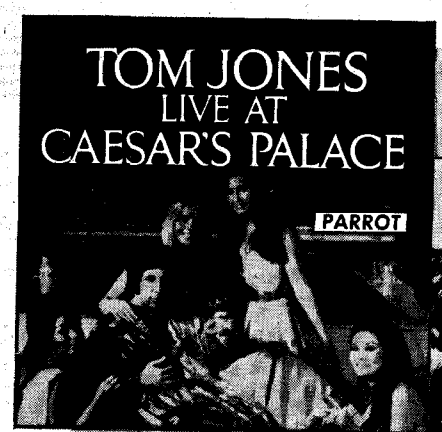

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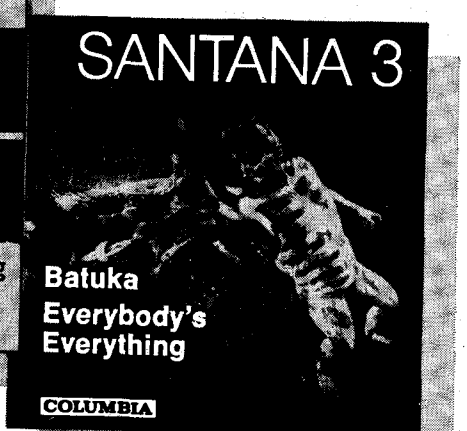

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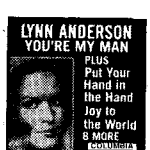

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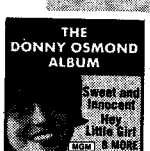

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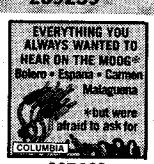

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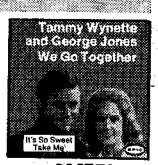

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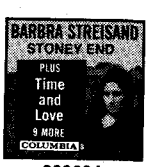

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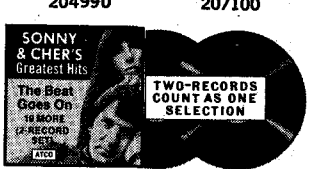

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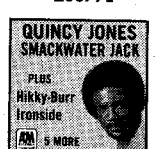

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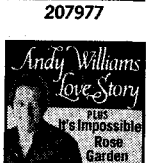

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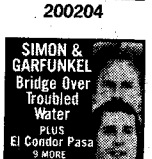

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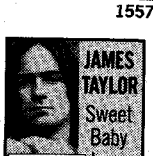

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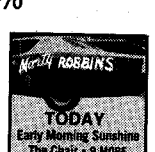

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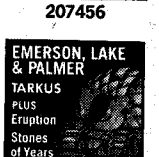

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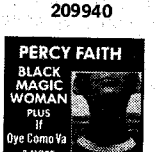

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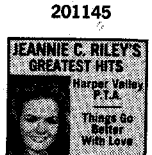

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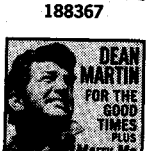

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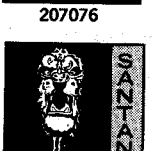

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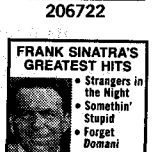

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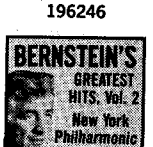

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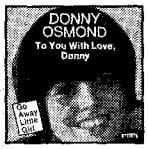

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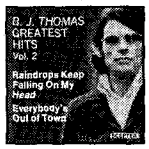

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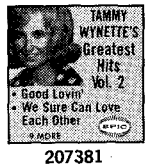

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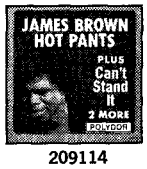

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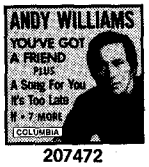

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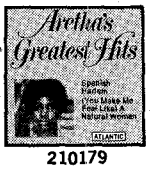

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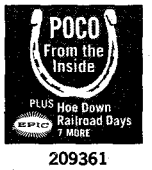

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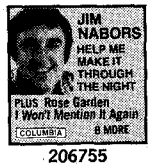

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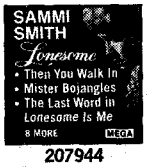

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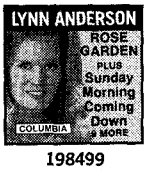

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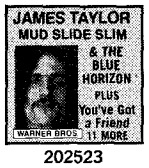

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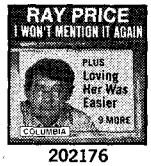

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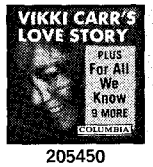

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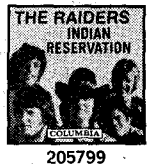

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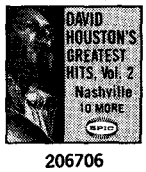

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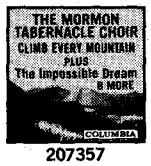

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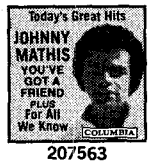

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☐ Broadway & Hollywood ☐ Country ☐ Jazz

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State.....Zip Code.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (check one) ☐ YES. ☐ NO

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Courtesy Dallas Museum of Fine Arts

"TRAILING THE HERD" painted by Frank Reaugh during the 1880's when the Texas Longhorns ranged the Texas plains in their full glory.

FRANK REAUGH Painter Of Longhorns

By Wayne Gard

When Frank Reaugh was born in 1860, there were plenty of Texas Longhorns to be seen. When he died in 1945, the only longhorns still living were in zoos and the species might be completely forgotten if it weren't for this brilliant artist's great paintings.

Nowadays even a Texan has a hard time finding an authentic Longhorn. He may discover one in a city zoo or see a few on one of the several ranches whose owners breed them as a hobby. But most of these descendants of the majestic and sometimes ferocious bovines of a century ago have had their blood diluted with that of modern cattle, and their horns are not as long as might be expected. For a view of Longhorns in the mass--at the roundup or on the trail--one must go to the paintings by the dean of Texas artists, the late Frank Reaugh (pronounced Ray). He immortalized the Longhorn as

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Charles M. Russell did the buffalo.

Throughout his eighty-four years Frank Reaugh lived close to cattle. He was born on December 29, 1860, in Morgan County in central Illinois, twelve miles from Jacksonville, and at first was called Charles Franklin Reaugh. His father, George Washington Reaugh, was descended from an Irish family whose original name was Castlereaugh. The father was a farmer, a mechanic, a carpenter, and a cabinetmaker as opportunity allowed. In the 1849 gold rush, before he was married, he had ridden horseback with an uncle to Califronia. Five years later he returned by way of Panama, with improved health but not fortune. Frank's mother, Clarinda Morton (Spilman) Reaugh, was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister.

At the time Frank was born, Morgan was the top cattle county in Illinois. And Illinois was the leading state in shipping beef cattle and was second only to Texas in the number of cattle. Two of the most flourishing cattle kings of the prairies lived in Morgan County. Jacob Strawn, who owned 18,000 acres in this and an adjoining county, bought and sold large herds in many states. John T. Alexander, who had a 7,200-acre ranch in Morgan County and one of 26,000 acres in another county, had herds of Texas cattle trailed to these ranches and became the principal feeder of Longhorns in the country.

In adjoining Sangamon County lived the young livestock dealer, Joseph G. McCoy, who in 1867 was to establish the great Chisholm Trail from Texas to Kansas. In that section of Illinois, Texas Longhorns were so common that children often had to get off the road when they saw a herd approaching. Young Reaugh probably saw many of these leathery and colorful beasts before he came to Texas.

The early education of Frank Reaugh was obtained almost entirely from his mother. She taught him about plants and animals, made him stuffed animals, and gave him drawing pencils to encourage him in sketching. He especially liked to make pictures of animals, although the earliest one that he recalled in later years was a sketch of David and Goliath, made after he had learned in Sunday school of their famous encounter.

When Frank was nine years old the family moved northeast, to Bloomington, Illinois, in McLean County, where his father worked as a carpenter. This also was cattle country. In that county a noted cattle king, Isaac Funk, sometimes walked as many as 1,500 cattle a year from his farm to the Chicago market, while trailing others to Buffalo, New York.

In 1876, when Frank was fifteen, his parents succumbed to the lure of cheap land in far-off Texas. After loading their most essential belongings in a covered wagon, they hitched two oxen, and with Tom and Jerry started off. On the trip Frank was not much impressed with the Ozark Mountains but was excited by a vista across the Arkansas River at Van Buren.

In northeastern Texas the family settled on a small cotton farm four miles northwest of Terrell, in Kaufman County--a place that Reaugh later would refer to as a ranch. This was about a mile east of Brushy Creek, on a rise between Big High Point and Little High Point creeks. The soil was fertile, and land that had not been broken for cotton was in blue-stem grass that made good prairie hay.

On this Texas farm Frank continued his practice of drawing. He had never seen an original painting, but in magazines and elsewhere he had access to wood engravings and reproductions of good works. His early drawings, in black and white, depicted scenes along the nearby creeks, details of his father's work oxen, and sketches of the Longhorns that grazed outside the farm fence.

When he set up his easel in a pasture, curious steers and heifers would come to look and wonder. Cows with calves stayed farther away for safety, while the bulls were too haughty to show much interest. The hardy Longhorns, mainly of Spanish ancestry, were trimly built and capable of unusual speed. Usually they were of solid color, ranging from yellow to black, but some were mottled. Their sweeping horns served them ably for defense.

To make his pictures accurate, Frank measured the work oxen and gathered skeletons of cows and horses from the pastures. He also obtained and studied a book, published in England, on the anatomy of cattle and sheep. In the early eighties he benefited from the friendship of a Texas cattle king, Frank Houston, and his younger brother, Romie, who was an outstanding cow hand. Through them he was able to see a big Longhorn roundup and to ride with a trail herd.

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Frank Reaugh, western artist. He was born on December 29, 1860 and died May 6, 1945. He is renown for his paintings of the Texas Longhorns.

Courtesy Dallas Morning News

After teaching in a local school for two months, Frank used his total pay of twenty-six dollars to buy art materials. In the winter of 1884-85 he received his first formal art training at the School of Fine Arts in St. Louis, where he began an enduring friendship with the director, Halsey C. Ives. In the winter of 1888-89, after sailing from New York to Antwerp, he studied under Lucien Doucet and Benjamin Constant at the Julien Academy in Paris. He also explored the great art collections in Paris and was especially impressed with the pastels in the Louvre.

In the spring of 1889, after visiting the world fair in Paris, Reaugh went to Holland for further study of the work of Anton Mauve, which he greatly admired. In the summer of that year he returned home and set out in an ox-drawn wagon on a trip into western Texas to sketch Longhorns and landscapes. In the fall he began to exhibit his pictures at the State Fair of Texas in Dallas. He won an honorable-mention ribbon that year and many first awards in later years.

In 1890 the Reaugh family moved from the farm near Terrell to the Oak Cliff section of Dallas, where the father did carpenter work, mainly in house building, until his death a few years later. At the back of the family lot on Eighth Street the artist later built of sheet iron a shed-like structure which he used as bachelor quarters, studio, and storage room for the oil paintings and pastels he was making. This place, which had an old millstone for a doorstep, was called Ironsides by his friends.

In 1893 some of Reaugh's pictures were accepted by a rigid jury for inclusion in the art exhibit at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Of the forty-four pictures sold there, two were pastels by Reaugh, "February in Texas" and "Springtime." A few years later he exhibited at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis. Soon some of his work was hung in the Chicago Art Institute, the Pennsylvania Academy, the National Academy, and other galleries.

Texas scenes and the Longhorn cattle he had known in his youth remained the favorite subjects of Reaugh. One of the pictures he liked best, "The Roundup," painted in 1894, showed five thousand Longhorns. Gradually turning more from oils to pastels, he prepared his own ingredients. He developed a type of pastel that would not fade or dust off.

Although not active in promoting the sale of his pictures, Reaugh sold enough to make a living and supplemented his income by teaching art clases in his studio. Later he had the satisfaction of having paintings by two of his pupils, Reveau Bassett and the late Edward G. Eisenlohr, accepted by the National Academy in New York.

Reaugh, who rose to six feet, was erect and lithe. He seldom let a barber touch his hair or beard. Without ever marrying he lived simply and dressed plainly. Usually he was found in a painting smock, with his shirt collar open and his sleeves rolled. He was partial to corn meal mush for breakfast and baked sweet potatoes at other meals, with sponge cake or ice cream for dessert. On Sunday he put his work aside and sometimes read from the Bible. Occasionally he went to church, especially to hear the music; but he did not like to see the women dressed in furs and feathers for which animals and birds had been killed.

Soon after his return from Europe, Reaugh had begun making summer trips to the west to make pictures of the plains and the mountains. The first trips were made in a Studebaker hack. He would buy a team of horses at the Monday sale of strays and sell them after his return. Usually he was accompanied by a painter or two from other parts of the country or by one or more of his pupils. In 1910 the Chicago Art Institute bought three sketches he had made on one of these trips. He made a few longer trips by rail, to Colorado, Wyoming, and Arizona.

In 1916 even though nearly all roads still were unpaved, he began using a second-hand Ford that sometimes pulled a high-wheeled buggy as a trailer. In 1920 he began using another Model-T Ford, which he called Cicada because of the noise it made. The trip that year was to the Grand Canyon. There were eight in the party, including Reaugh, Reveau Bassett, a woman botanist, and several women and girls who were art students. Other trips in the next few years, sometimes with two cars, were to the Rio Grande, the Big Bend, the Davis Mountains, and the Colorado Rockies.

In the 1930's most of the camping trips were to Tule Canyon, in western Texas, which afforded excellent scenes for sketching. Most of the students who went along were women and

(continued on page 74)

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What Is The Truth About THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Part I

by Ernest H. Hart

The two joined continents of America were formed, as were all the other continents and land bodies on this planet earth, by the terrible convulsions of a world in formative birth. Over such a vast period of time that it boggles the mind and renders vague figures senseless, the liquid fire of the earth's core bubbled and spewed forth through the seas, volcanic ash and lava in gargantuan spasms, pushing fiery vomit to the surface, layer upon layer, where it eventually cooled and formed the land masses we call continents.

Millenniums passed like split seconds as the drama of planet birth and development took place. As each new stage in this crescendo found fruition there would be a pause, a time of quiet of millions of years duration, as though this world was waiting for the next miracle, the next step forward in its evolution. So it was when the continents had been clothed. Verdant growth, trees and plants covered the earth's nakedness leaving only the towering mountains devoid of greenery. There was a quiet while the earth rested expectantly. Then there came a movement in the bushes, in the grass, a whisper, small sounds; the age of animals had begun.

Monsters of terrible mein strode the earth, saw mighty volcanoes erupt and earthquakes occur that tore mile deep rents in the earth's surface, as within the bowels of the planet heraculean turbulence still went on. The giants died of their own dimensions and the day of the mammal dawned. Ice ages came and went, absorbing millions of years in their advance and retreat, and the animals on this earth developed and refined through the evolutionary process. Since the ages of the reptilian giants the two American continents had been separated by the sea, but during one of the earthly upheavals an arm of land was thrust up from the sea, forming a link between the two huge land bodies. This linking natural bridge between the North and South American continents is known today as the Isthmus of Panama.

PROLOGUE:

This pathway connecting the two continents became, about a million years ago, a corridor for the exchange of mammalian species from one country to the other. Scientists of today call this immense migration of millions of animals from one American continent to the other seeking new and more fitting habitats, the greatest migration in the recorded history of the world.

There is one family of creatures entirely lacking when we scan the myriad species of animals moving along this corridor between continents. There were no primates, no ape creatures; and because of this lack man did not come into being in the Americas.

Meanwhile, in sections of land that would be called Europe, Asia, Africa, and a few other land bodies, the animal that would be named "man" was going through the evolutionary process toward dominence of this new world.

The American continents, green and fruitful, filled with a vast assemblage of wildlife, waited for the coming of man. Then, as the last of the million year old glacial periods ended, man came to the Americas. He came over ice and land bridges that connected the continents where the Bering Strait now exists, and he came in wave after wave, moving slowly across the Americas and claiming them as his own. These were the people destined to be called, by a mistake in identity, "Indians"; these were the American Indians.

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Noble Redman or Bloodthirsty Savage?

Moving down from the north and amazed at the richness of this new land, came these tall, strong huntsmen. They came here to the Americas about twenty five thousand years ago and were probably of the Chancelades racial stock. These were talented, intelligent, basically Mongoloid people who came into focus during the Magdalenian period (14,000 - 8,000 B. C.), during the final cultural stage of the Paleolithic age. They were craftsmen who worked in bone and antler, used eyed needles, barbed pointed spearheads and spear throwers for better speed and accuracy, and flint-bladed knives wrought by pressure flaking. They dressed their hair, decorated their clothing, and wore ornaments and talismen. They cooked their food over open fires but knew nothing about agriculture, for they were hunters, the best of their time.

So he came, this Homo Sapien of proud racial stock, travelling from northeastern Asia into the new world, the first of his species to set foot upon this continent. He moved southward, following a corridor which was free from the ice of the receding glacial period, along the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, bearing with him a culture comparable to late Paleolithic or early Neolithic. Then bands and families spread out, moving in all directions in this new and rugged world that was teeming with animal life that included the Giant Sloth, Glyptodon, Mammoth, Giant Bison, and great Sabre Toothed cats.

Sometime during the Pluvial period the bridge of ice and land, over which these dauntless hunters had come to the New World, was swept away, cutting off the flow of people from the Old World and forming the Bering Strait. Then this Mongoloid race was isolated from all that was to happen in the old world in the ages to come; this American Indian root stock was left to forge its own culture and destiny, its own way of life, for it would be over six thousand years in the future before the coming of Europeans to the shores of the New World. It is interesting to note that even today, blood-group studies from Indians of pure racial stock show the puriest and simplest type A, O, and B groups in the world, evidence that man, in the form of the Mongoloid hunters, came to America before primordial blood streams mingled, and before population drift and absorption of one culture by another (or intermingling) through conquering or cohabitation, made the blood and all other genetic material, more complicated.

These red-skinned hunters also brought with them a very simple language that, over the ages, has been completely lost or changed by linguistic evolution. Though all these invaders were of the same root-stock, environment, through selection, changed them as time passed. Some settled in rocky country, some in the south, some in the north, and some on the great plains or on the edge of lakes or other bodies of water. Gradually an ever greater variety of physical, cultural, and linguistic change took place between the peoples of various areas. Each tribe developed its own language, its own religion, and its own basic culture. Some began to use basic metals such as gold, silver, copper, and bronze, but they never reached the use of iron. Those near bodies of water developed a canoe culture, using the birch bark canoe for travelling, but they never developed sails. They did weaving, dyeing, designing, and worked in pottery and stone. Those who turned to farming developed a great many new edible and valuable plants. They knew of crop cultivation and irrigation and among the new and important plants they cultivated were, corn, peanuts, tobacco, beans, squash, pumpkins, sunflowers, cotton, strawberries, sweet potatoes, peppers, tomatoes, quinine, maple sugar, rubber, and chocolate.

Of all the tribes that came separately into being, developing along different lines and changing genetically through natural selection, the tribes that remained most like the original invaders were the plains tribes. They remained the tall, proud hunters and warriors. The plains tribes were one of what anthropologists call the nine culture groups that compose the numerous tribes of the United States and Canada. The plains culture is typified by the nomadic and hunter-warrior association of the involved tribes. These Indians followed the great herds of buffalo (bison), used the tipi (tepee) as a dwelling place, which is a kind of tent made of poles and skins, easily erected and just as easily pulled down: used dogs to pull travois for transportation of goods; and had a geometric art that was completely individual. The tribes that are massed under the plains culture title were: Arapaho, Blackfoot, Crow, Cheyenne, Comanche, Gros-Ventre, Kiowa, and Teton-Dakota (various tribes of the Sioux Nation). In the Southwest area the various Apache tribes (driven from the plains by the Commanches in the 18th Century), nurtured their heritage as hunters and fierce warriors. A few of the tribes of the Plateau area, notably the Snakes and Nez Pierce, borrowed many cultural characteristics from the Plains tribes. This area embraced the western states of Utah and Nevada, as well as Idaho, Oregon, and Washington.

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The early, primitive men who came to the Americas and were the ancestors of the American "Indian", were basically of Mongoloid stock. They were intelligent, fine craftsmen and great hunters.

{Continued on next page}

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Tribes of the deep southwest, unlike the Apaches of that same area, built substantial, multi-level housing of mud-clay, indulged in farming growing corn and other native crops, developed a clan system and ceremonies, wove cloth, and domesticated the Turkey. As a matter of fact the Pueblo Indian ruins and artifacts, archeologically, afford us the most interesting insight into the prehistoric culture of North American Indians. All these people were notably weavers of baskets and useful containers, and the Navahoes later developed a sheep culture and wove highly prized blankets from the wool.

In the North Pacific Coast Area, the tribes became accomplished fishermen and developed a canoe culture. In this heavily timbered country they also became expert carvers of wood. These tribes also developed many and fervent religious societies that engaged in complex rituals.

To generalize: many of the tribes, especially those who indulged in agriculture, or lived on the edge of lakes or bodies of water, built permanent tribal towns and erected enduring homes; but those who were the hunters and warriors, who followed the herds, were nomads as were their ancestors. Their homes were portable structures, easily erected and just as easily pulled down and packed; their diet consisted mainly of meat and animal by-products, and their culture was uncomplicated.

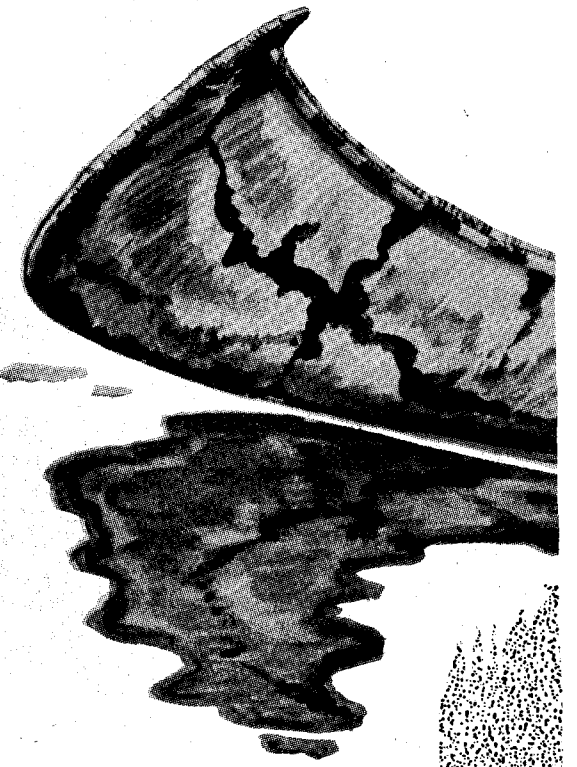
These prehistoric, adopted natives of America traded amongst tribes and, in so doing, made available to each other foods and materials, as well as customs, that each individually cultivated, made, or indulged in. Occasionally there was war between tribes, but there was always long times of peace and social contact. During the latter varied Indian games would be played. Lacrosse was one of the sports indulged in by Indian teams that is still played to this day. Dancing was another form of relaxation. The steps were simple heel-and-toe rhythms to the beat of rawhide drums and crude rattles. The plains tribes used dancing in a grimmer and more meaningful way. They had war dances, dances to bring game closer, warrior dances to test the endurance and bravery of neophyte warriors (i.e. the Sun Dance), and dances following raids on other tribes.

Social position among the plains tribes depended, to a great extent, upon warrior and hunter exploits and the weapons these tribes used were the knife, club, spear, tomahawk and bow and arrow. Later, with the dawn of history in the Americas and the coming of the White Man and the horses, the plains indians adopted the long lance and shield, weapons that were, before the advent of the equine species, more for ceremonial usage than weaponry. Eventually they also adopted the white man's guns to their own use.

Plains Indians took pride in their appearance and prized their bone breast-plates, colorful earings and necklaces, amulets, medicine pouches, and the beautifully tanned and pliable buckskin shirts, wrist bands, leg and arm bands; all cleverly decorated with dyed porcupine quills. Single feathers, dyed, decorated, and made into gallant crowns, were prized by the warriors.

These primitive tribes were basically mystics and believe in the powers of the elements: the sun, the moon, the wind, fire and smoke, and in the mystic properties of animals. Particularly was this true of the plains tribes where each youth, before he entered into the warrior caste, must first prepare himself by abstinence from food and complete aloneness until, becoming one with nature, he entered a trancelike state and was given an omen that can be translated into a specific and personal amulet that, from then on, became his "medicine", his luck charm that would ward off evil.

The women, or squaws, did most of the hard and monotonous work while the men engaged in dangerous undertakings, such as war and the hunt. The women, though, were not



slaves, they had certain unalienable rights that varied from tribe to tribe. Polygamy was widly practiced by most of the tribes, a practice that has always been essential to primitive peoples to insure the continuance of the race. Divorce was also known to the early Indians and was accomplished by the simple process of turning the no longer wanted partner out of the tipi.

Primitive hunters found that one of the most successful ways to hunt the great herds of buffalo that dotted the plains, was to find an abrupt and sheer dropping off of the land and then, by shouting, waving skins and weapons, caused a herd of the huge beasts to stampede toward the precipice, or drop off, where they would crash over to the ground below. Crippled or stunned, they would be easy prey to the clubs, knives, and spears of the hunters.

Another way in which buffalo were hunted was through the approach of the hunter to the herd disguised in a wolf skin. The skin of a large wolf would cover the whole body of an Indian brave and, on hands and knees, he would slowly and quietly approach the

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Tribes that settled on the coasts or the shores of bodies of water, developed a canoe culture and became accomplished fishermen. Strangely, they never evolved the sail.

grazing Bison until close enough to strike with lance or arrow. The buffalo being used to the vicious, grey predators that constantly followed the herds to pull down and feast on the old or crippled, or straying young, paid little attention to the camouflaged Indians.

Nothing of the dark and hairy wild bovines was wasted. The skins were used for clothing, robes for the bed, and to cover the stick skeletons of the tipis. The skull was cracked and the brains eaten. The intestines were roasted, as they were filled with half digested vegetable matter. The tongue and steak from the hump were delicacies. The tendons were used for bow strings and to tie things together, the horns as headdress decorations, the bones cracked for marrow and cut for decorative purposes, and the rest of the meat cooked and eaten and made into pemmican (dried, pounded, and preserved for future use and when the tribe or warriors were on the move).

It must be understood that these people, these warriors, were a very proud people and strongly individualistic, characteristics which made any united efforts, or confederacy, just about impossible. As individuals they disdained dictatorial authority and neither would they countenence it within the structure of the tribe. Absolute authority by even the most highly regarded chiefs was unknown, and the office of chief was never hereditary. These characteristics made the later victories by the white men, when they finally came to the shores of America, possible.

Sparsely settled throughout this vast continent (there were approximately 360 tribes in the area we know as North America when Columbus reached these shores) *, these primitive people had evolved a work - able civilization and their own individual culture (or cultures), based on the physical, mental and cultural evolution of one basic racial stock.

But during those same thousands of years between the initial coming of man to the Americas and 1492, Europe and Asia had been engaged in their own evolution which had seen an uncountably vast joining of many races and peoples. From all over they moved, pouring from mountains, streaming from valleys, tribes drifting, vast conquering hordes engulfing peaceful peoples, a great shuttling back and forth and mixing of varied peoples bringing creeds, cultures, ideas, from all over. And from this mixing of varied peoples bringing creeds, cultures, ideas, from all over. And from this mixture of racial stocks and philosophies, large and powerful countries evolved, unlimited in scope through the borrowing of what each needed without limit to reach their destinies; to take of ever newer cultural and scientific advances and thoughts, to feed the hunger of a mixed and ever expanding civilization.

These two peoples, the advanced and knowledgeable man of the Old World and the Noble Savage of the New World were destined to meet, but they could never meet mentally, spiritually, or culturally on common ground, for it was to be the sad truth that neither could ever know understanding of the other and each would, in their own way, corrupt the other.

The Indian saw a phenomenon he did not understand; he saw the sails of the ships of Columbus on the horizon and he pointed and shouted and covered his mouth in awe . . .and an epoch came to an end.

The coming of the Genoan navigator to the shores of America ushered in the most exciting and epic story the world has ever known. . .the bringing of European civilization to the New World, and the struggle between White Man and Red Man for possession of a great continent.

* * *

to be continued

* * *

The concluding installment of this article, detailing the historic and bloody conflicts between the two races confronting each other over a vast battlefield, will be published in the next edition of REAL WEST magazine.

* Footnote: About 1 million Indians in the territory now designated as the United States.

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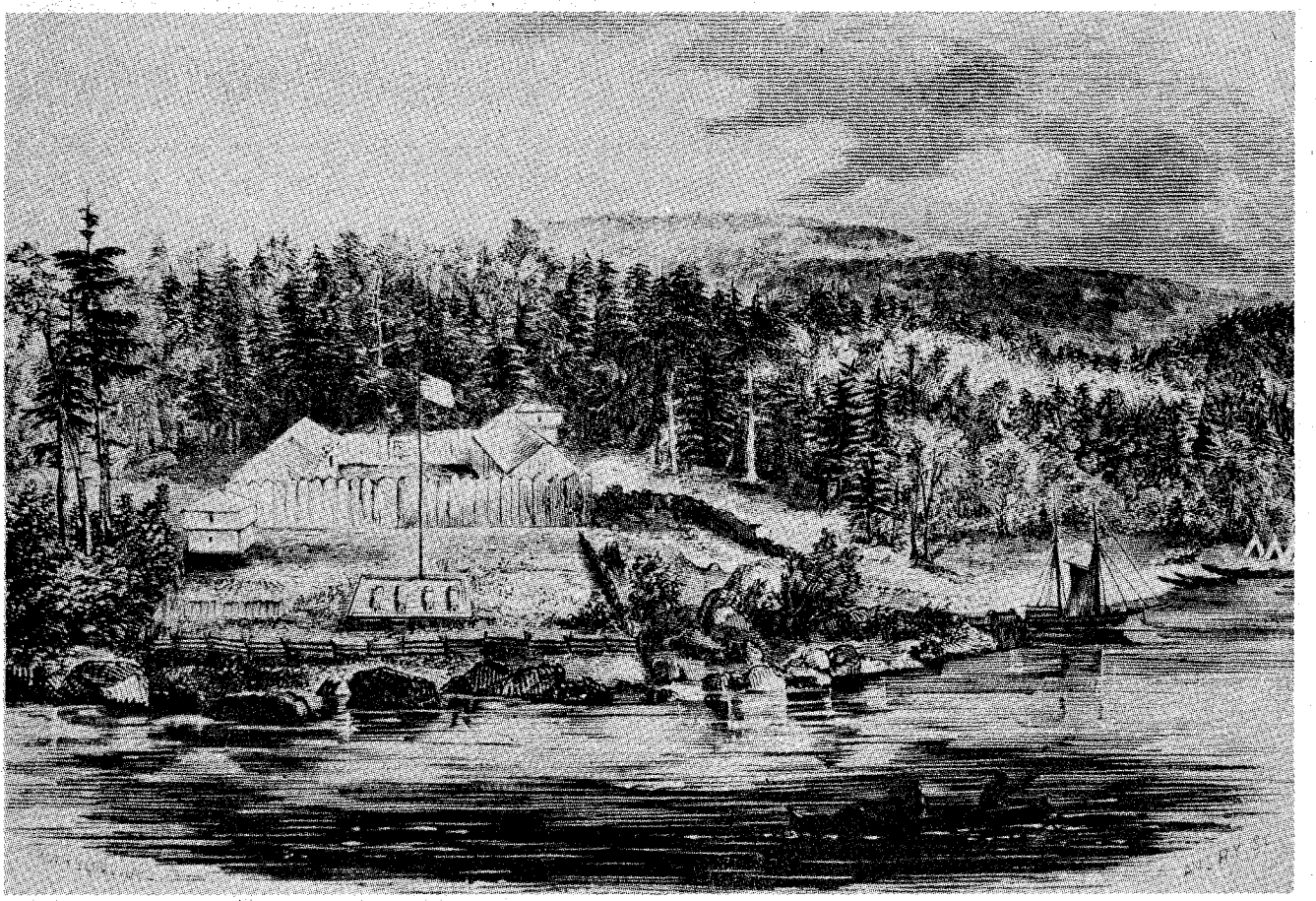
OREGON'S FIRST WOMAN IM

by Olga Freeman

Marie Dorion's pluck, grim determination and fierce resolution enabled her in 1811 to be the first woman with small children to survive the long, arduous and uncharted overland journey to Oregon. By proving it could be done, she inspired the covered wagon family migration which was soon to follow.



Oregon Historical Society

The log buildings of the Astor fur trading post were a welcome sight to Marie Dorion after suffering untold hardships during the 11-month journey from St. Louis, Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia River.

Emotions of relief and thanksgiving surged over Marie Dorion as she sighted the log headquarters of the Astor Company at the mouth of the Columbia River. It was February 15, 1812. Unbelievable hardship and near starvation had been her lot and that of her two young children since leaving St. Louis, Missouri the previous March to attempt an overland crossing to the Oregon country.

She and her interpreter husband Pierre were members of the Wilson Price Hunt exploration party, sent out by New Yorker John Jacob Astor, to establish a fur empire in the Pacific Northwest. He, with a number of partners, had organized the Pacific Fur Company to wrest the rich fur trade from the British North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company.

Hunt was instructed to blaze a trail through the wilderness, look for sites of trading posts, and determine the feasibility of a land route to the Astoria post on the Columbia.

Astor's grandiose scheme was to market the furs in China and bring back to the Atlantic seaboard the cargoes of tea, damasks, and other riches of the fabled Orient which the American consumer had begun to crave. Each year he would send a boat around the Horn with supplies and equipment. The boat would then transport the furs collected during the year to the lucrative China markets.

The magnificently conceived plan was doomed to

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MIGRANT WAS AN INDIAN

failure by circumstances beyond Astor's control. The ill-fated Pacific Fur Company was forced to sell its posts, furs and goods on the Columbia to the North West Company in October, 1813. However, the short-lived venture was historically important in pressing the claim of the United States to the Oregon country.

The Astor overland party was headed by Wilson Price Hunt, a man of great perseverance and enterprise, albeit without experience in the Indian trade. Second in command was Donald McKenzie, formerly of the North West Company, a bold, robust and qualified leader.

After some recruiting difficulty, Hunt announced he would be ready to start as soon as he found a competent interpreter. He needed someone who was familiar with the Sioux Indians and had some knowledge of the route to be traveled.

Pierre Dorion fit the requirements. His French father had accompanied Lewis and Clark in 1804. His mother was a Sioux.

Pierre proved obstinate. He did not want to go. With the promise of $300 of which $200 would be paid immediately (so he could pay off his debts), he finally consented. At the last moment he interposed another condition. He would not go unless his wife Marie, who was a Sioux of the Iowa tribe, and his two boys, ages 2 and 4, could accompany him.

Hunt was forced to accede. He was to have no cause for regret. He found Madame Dorion (as she is often called) of more value to the party than Pierre.

It is worth noting that Marie Dorion was to be the second woman to cross the plains and the Rockies to the Pacific shores. Seven years earlier, Sacajawea had accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition. She, too, went because her French husband, Charbonneau, acted as interpreter. Sacajawea carried her 18-month child on her back for much of the journey. Marie carried her two-year old.

Here the similarity ends. Sacajawea returned to her people. Madame Dorion remained in Oregon. Her children became respected and prominent citizens.

Pierre was a faithful employee and husband as long as he was sober, but reverted to savagery when drunk. Shortly after the departure, he beat his wife cruelly in a drunken fit. She disappeared. Hunt worried, but a few days later she reappeared. She had given Pierre time to sober up.

Above St. Joseph, Missouri the party was joined by earlier recruits. The assemblage now consisted of 60 persons: five partners, clerk John Reed, 40 Canadian voyageurs to man the boats, and the remaining number experienced hunters and trappers. They proceeded up the Missouri with the Canadians happily singing to the rhythm of their rowing.

An unfortunate decision to abandon the river

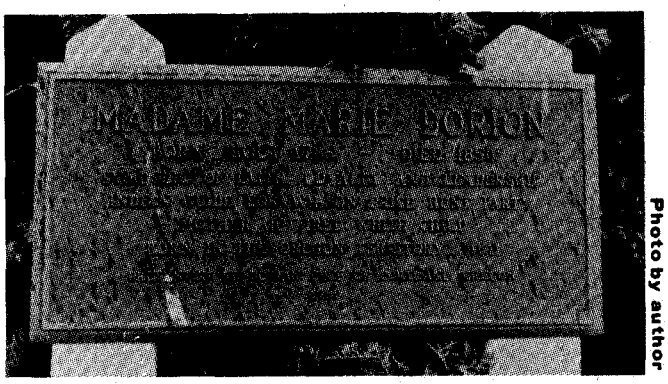

Photo by author

Marker pays tribute to Marie Dorion, the first woman with children to cross overland to Oregon and become a permanent settler. The marker reads, "MADAME MARIE DORION, born about 1786 - Died 1850. Symbolic of faith, loyalty and leadership. Indian guide for Wilson Hunt party. Mother of first white child born in the Oregon Territory, 1811. Presented by Dorian Church of Portland, Oregon, 1950."

was made on May 26 upon the advice of three Kentucky hunters of the Missouri Fur Co. whom they encountered above the mouth of the Platte River. These men advocated a land route. They argued that game was more abundant and confrontation with the savage Blackfeet Indians less likely.

This decision necessitated bargaining with the Indians for horses, and 83 were finally secured. One was allotted to the Dorions for transportation of their luggage and two children.

Mrs. Dorion for the most part trudged on foot like the rest of the party. It was said of her, "nor did any of the men show more patience and fortitude than this resolute woman in enduring fatigue and hardship."

Summer was now at its height. In crossing the prairies water was often unattainable. At one point, they traveled 25 miles without a drop to drink. Another time, rain providentially fell to slake their thirst. Sometimes the hunters had difficulty in finding buffalo. Food was scarce. And always a lookout for hostile Indians must be maintained.

The trek across the treeless plain was bad enough, but worse was in store. On September 24, within sight of the Teton Mountains, they came upon a tributary of the Snake River. Hunt pondered the next move. Should they embark on the river? A couple of friendly Snake Indians tried to make them understand that the river was not navigable. The Canadian boatmen began to hollow out canoes. When 15 were ready, they set forth and for ten days all went well. The weather had now turned cold. Rain, sleet and snow plagued them. More importantly, the river was rougher with numerous rapids, clearly unnavigable. What to do?

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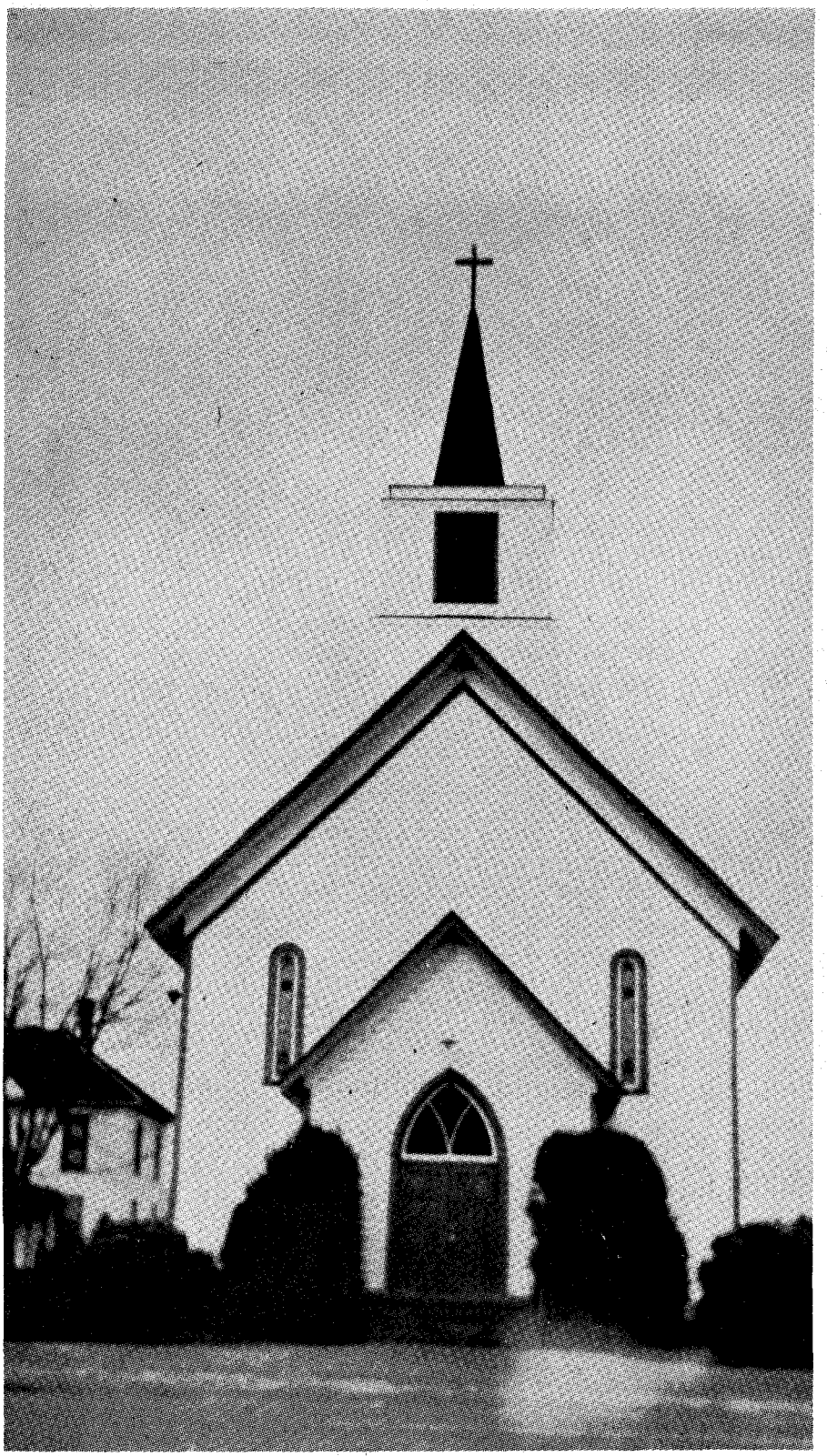

Photo by author

The catholic church at St. Louis, Oregon in which Madame Dorion is buried.

Since it would be impossible to carry their stock of goods on foot, Hunt decided to prepare caches to store them. Furthermore, he decided it would be less perilous for the party to separate into four groups. The main body which included the Dorion family remained with Hunt.

The use of caches was common among fur traders. It was an underground storehouse. Its method of making had been learned from the Indians. Alexander Ross, originally an employe of the Pacific Fur Company and later a clerk with the North West Company, in his book, "Adventures on the Oregon" (The Columbia River was first called the Oregon), describes the process.

"A suitable place having been selected, a piece of sod about 18 inches in diameter is carefully removed and a hole which may be compared to a huge bottle excavated; the dirt being carefully removed and concealed from prying eyes. The inside of the excavation is lined with dry branches, after which the goods to be secured are placed within and the sod replaced. If the work is properly done, no trace of the deposit could be observed, and the goods are secure from weather and marauders until the owner returns for them."

Nine such caches were needed to store the supplies and equipment which could not be taken on foot.

Hunt with 18 in his party chose to travel along the north bank of the Snake River. A few horses were obtained from the Indians. Pierre succeeded in trading a buffalo robe for a horse so his wife and children could ride.

Washington Irving, who was commissioned by Astor to write of the venture, in his book, "Astoria," pays tribute to Madame Dorion for her fortitude. "We cannot but notice the wonderful patience, perseverance, and hardihood of the Indian woman. She was now far advanced in her pregnancy, but she bore her hardships without a murmur and kept pace with the best of pedestrians. Her force of character won the respect and applause of the white men."

December brought much snow; food became so scarce that the horses were killed and eaten. Finally only the Dorion horse remained. When it was suggested that it, too, must be killed, Pierre showing compassion for his wife and children objected violently. And the poor emaciated horse was spared.

Canoes made from the hides of the slaughtered horses were used to cross the Snake River. The party was extremely glad, after traveling along its banks for hundreds of miles, to leave what they called the "accursed

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Oregon State Highway Department

OREGON HISTORY
MADAME PIERRE DORION
ON DECEMBER 30, 1811, IN THIS VICINITY
A SON WAS BORN TO MADAME PIERRE
DORION "THE MADONNA OF THE OLD
OREGON TRAIL." SHE WAS A MEMBER
OF THE ASTORIA EXPEDITION OF WILSON
PRICE HUNT.
OREGON STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT

Historical marker on Highway 237 near North Powder, Oregon, commemorates the birth of Madame Dorion's child, the first with any white blood to be born in the Oregon country.

mad river."

Traveling northwesterly, the Hunt party on December 30 was near the present town of North Powder. Here Madame Dorion was taken in labor and gave birth to a child on a treeless snowbound plain. An Oregon State Highway historical marker on Highway 237 commemorates the spot where the first child with any white blood was born in the Oregon country.

Pierre remained behind with his wife while the main party pressed on. With only one day's rest, Marie stoically resumed the journey. She mounted the undernourished horse, cradled the new born baby in her arms, seated the children behind her, and with Pierre leading the horse, they soon overtook the others.

New Year's day found the group in the Grand Ronde valley among friendly Indians who supplied them with food. A dog meat stew provided a real New Year's feast to the delight of the Canadians.

The rigors of the winter and insufficient nourishment was too much to sustain life, and the baby died nine days after birth and was buried unceremoniously along the trail. The exact spot is unknown.

January 21 was a day of rejoicing. They beheld "the long sought water of the Columbia River." Canoes were procured from the Indians. Spirits rose as they took to the waters. Ten months of wandering in an uncharted wilderness was at an end.

Joy knew no bounds when upon rounding Tongue Point, Madame Dorion with her keen eyesight discerned the outlines of the log buildings at the Astoria post. The American flag flying over the fort seemed to wave a greeting to them. The post had been erected the previous year by members of the Astor party who had arrived by sea. They named it "Astoria" in honor of John Jacob Astor. Today a town of some 12,000 inhabitants proudly bears his name.

Great was the rejoicing that Hunt and his party had arrived safely. On hand were Donald

(continued on page 59)

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The Rocky Road To KANSAS STATEHOOD

By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

The birth pains of the state of Kansas were probably worse than any other state in the Union. Southern 'pro-slavery' forces crossed the border from Missouri to 'steal' elections from the 'anti-slavery' settlers from the East. Kansas became a bloody battleground during the tumultuous years of the Civil War.

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Andrew Reeder, first territorial governor of Kansas. He later was elected a senator by the free staters but had to flee in disguise to arrest by the proslavers.

Although most of Kansas was acquired by the United States in the Louisiana Purchase of 1803, the Territory of Kansas wasn't even a gleam in a politician's eye until 1854. That fateful year saw passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, one of the most wildly controversial and far-reaching

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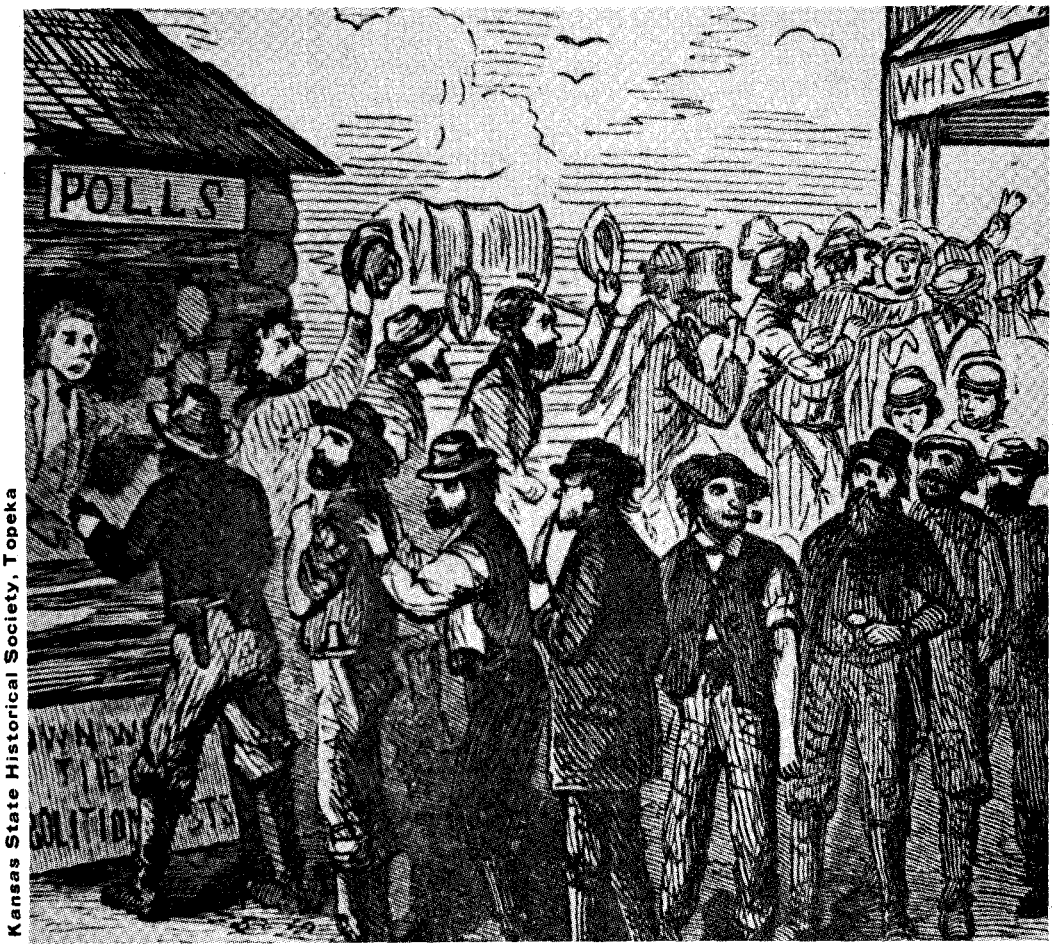

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Voting at Kickapoo, Kansas in the 1850's. In early elections proslave Missourians took over the polling places to insure election of proslave candidates. In one voting district with 3,000 registered voters, 6,318 votes were tallied.

pieces of legislation ever enacted by an American Congress. It created two territories, one of which immediately became a great battlefield in the fight against slavery, and marked the beginning of the stormy fight for Kansas statehood.

As far back as 1806, the attractions of Kansas land had been noted. At least one traveler, Lt. Zebulon Pike, after whom Pike's Peak was later named, liked the country very much. He saw: "The prairie rising and falling in beautiful swells as far as the sight can extend."

At that time, and for many years afterward, the area that is now Kansas was Indian country. Even as late as 1853, the non-Indian population there was sparse, divided among a few scattered forts and trading posts. Except for the rumbling of wagon trains heading west, Kansas was a pretty peaceful place.

But that was to change abruptly in 1854, when Senator Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories, produced a bill which would organize the territories of Kansas and Nebraska. The bill had 38 sections, but the main sense of it was to repeal the Missouri Compromise, which had prohibited the extension of slavery into certain new territories as a part of the deal to admit Missouri as a slave state. No less important was a provision to leave the decision as to whether these new territories would be slave or free up to their own inhabitants - a notion called "Popular Sovereignty" by Senator Douglas, but dubbed "Squatter Sovereignty" by his less reverent critics.

The idea of self-determination sounded very democratic to a freedom-loving people, but there were two hitches in it, written in the fine print.

First of all, both the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 and the U.S. Constitution had attempted to place limits on the extension of slavery. Most people really didn't like it, and hoped to see it gradually phased out. The Missouri Compromise had been an effort to satisfy the powerful and somewhat militant proslave interests, by giving in on slaves for Missouri, while at the same time holding the line on any further extension of what some people quaintly termed a "peculiar domestic institution."

But when there is money to be made - and the opposition has shown signs of weakness - that is not the time to retreat. Proslave interests continued to hammer at the door of new territories. They really had nothing to lose by trying to extend their power, and in time, they wore down their opposition by their persistence and threats of secession, until the idea of "self-determination" had replaced the firm statements of previous documents, and what had been a clear issue began to look cloudy.

The other catch in the Kansas-Nebraska bill was in the wording of the clause on Popular Sovereignty:

"It being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any Territory or state, not exclude it therefrom: but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States."

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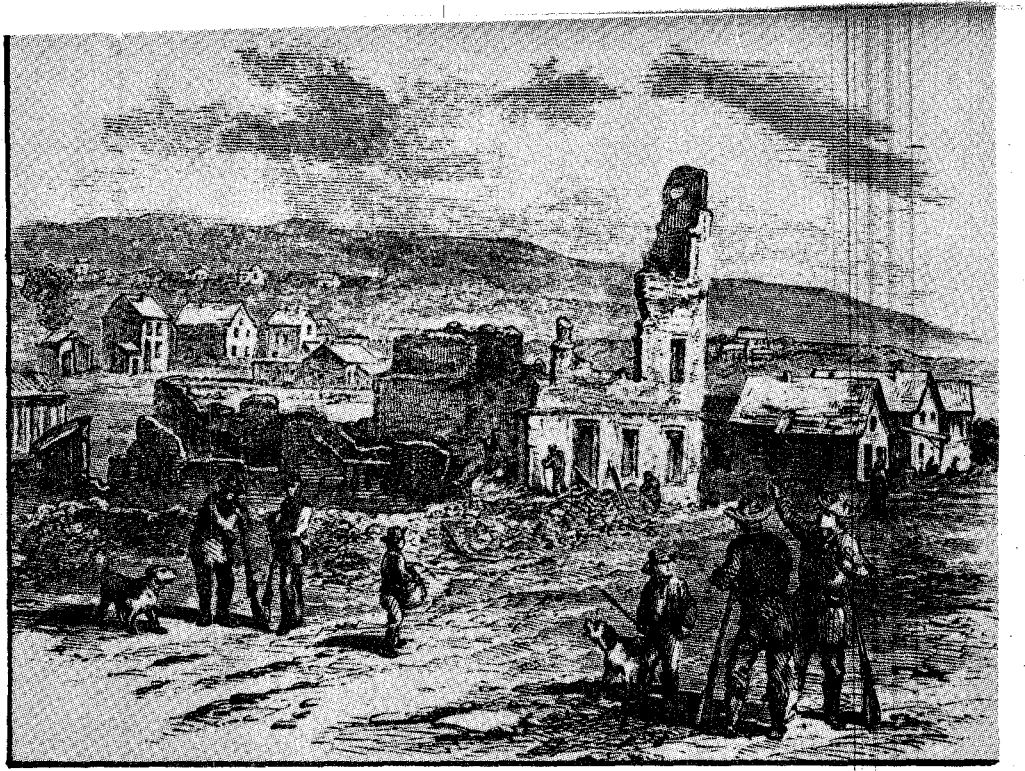
The last part contained the catch, because it left the door open for a constitutional ruling by the Supreme Court.

But the hopeful homesteaders who swarmed to Kansas in 1854 weren't worried about such abstract things as the wording of the Kansas-Nebraska Act. Millions of acres of land had been obtained from the Indians, and excitement ran high in response to ads such as this one, that circulated all over the East:

"It is to be remembered that all accounts agree that the region of Kansas is the most desirable part of America now open to the emigrant. It is accessible in five days' continuous travel from Boston. Its crops are very bountiful; its soil being well adapted to the staples of Virginia and Kentucky, and especially to the growth of hemp. In the eastern section the woodland and prairie land intermix in proportions very well adapted to the purpose of the settler. Its mineral resources, especially its coal, in the central and western parts, are inexhaustible. A steamboat is already plying on the Kansas river, and the Territory has an uninterrupted steamboat communication with New Orleans and all the tributaries of the Mississippi."

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



Ruins of the Free State Hotel at Lawrence, Kansas after the infamous raid and sacking of the stronghold of the free staters.

It isn't hard to imagine how tempting this must have sounded to people who were looking for better prospects, but didn't care to venture as far as California or Oregon. Here was good farmland, available from the government, with no Rockies to cross, and no Indian Territory or waterless deserts to worry about.

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

A constitutional convention meets at Topeka and free state leaders elect their own officials. This angered the proslave leaders which led to bloodshed.

It's no wonder that settlers by the thousands flocked to Kansas. It should have been the beginning of unparalleled prosperity for most of them.

But, tragically, for years to come, their new home would be known as "Bleeding Kansas," and their story was one of discord, turmoil, and death.

Despite its highly explosive and controversial character, Senator Douglas' Kansas-Nebraska bill passed Congress very quickly. In only about six weeks after its introduction, it was ready for President Franklin Pierce's signature. This speed is something of a wonder to those who have observed the workings of government. There had hardly been time for the people back home to know of its existence, in those days of slow communication, before it was a law, and then the real furor began. Free state advocates considered it clearly a capitulation to the proslavers, while the proslave element saw an opportunity in Kansas, and determined to seize it. All sorts of militant groups and individuals poured into Kansas, and some of them did not come to farm.

The land rush attracted all sorts of people. Among them was Jim Lane, a hero in the Mexican War and a former con-

(continued on page 61)

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SAMUEL PEPPARD
Prairie Navigator

At a time when 'prairie schooners', that is ox-drawn covered wagons, were making fifteen miles a day, Sam Peppard's sail-powered wagon often sped along at thirty miles an hour! The crowds came to jeer at 'Peppard's Folly' and remained to cheer!

By J. M. Coker

No hint of destiny rode the wind on a hilltop overlooking Slough Creek Valley northwest of Oskaloosa, Kansas Territory, that hot July morning in 1860, when Samuel Peppard launched his wind-wagon on a historic voyage across the Kansas prairies.

This vast uninhabited region was a sea of wind-driven grass, suggestive of waves on the ocean, rolling in long swells to magnificent unexplored distances.

So it was inevitable that there would appear a "Navigator of the Prairies" who would attempt to travel here in a wagon rigged with tiller and sails.

Peppard's voyage was the climax of a hilarious chapter in frontier history.

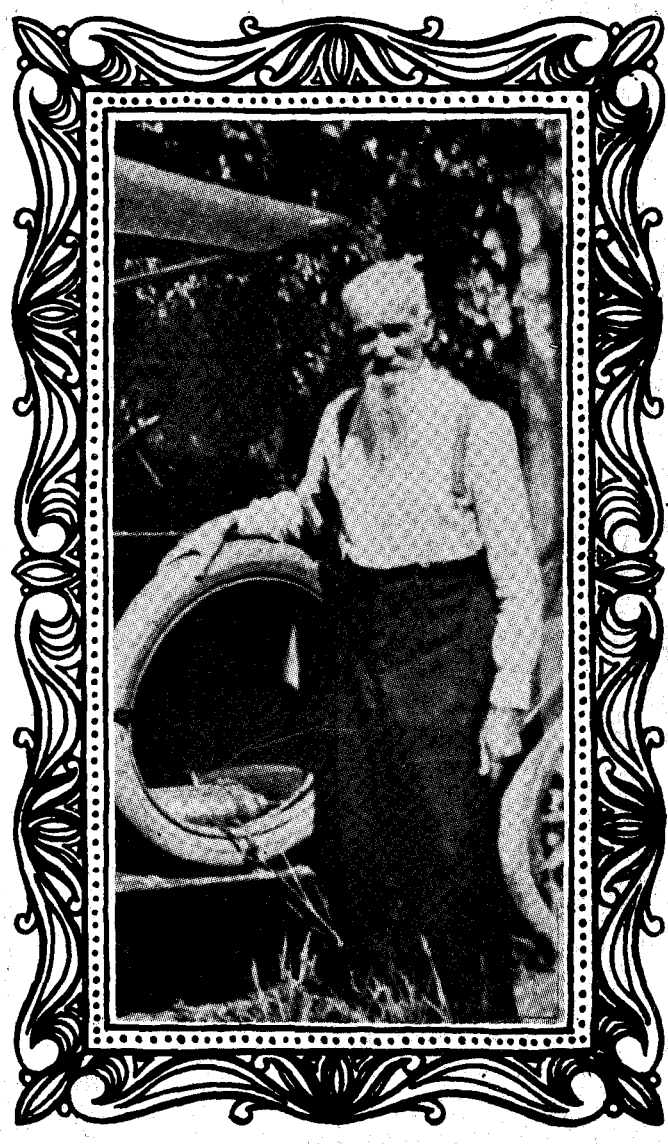
Born in Wayne County, Ohio, on September 20, 1833, Samuel Timothy Peppard was of French and Scotch descent. He always spoke with a scotch burr. Reared in his native state, he was educated and trained as a millwright. He pioneered in Iowa before coming to Oskaloosa on the Kansas frontier in 1858.

Setting up a grist and saw mill on the Grasshopper River, he sold corn meal to Kansas City markets and did cabinet work. Here, he first heard of the sail wagons.

History is hazy about the inventor of the sail craft. Wind-wagon sailing was a popular sport with adventurous youths around frontier settlements. The Kansas-Pacific Railroad converted a hand car into a sail craft that gained a speed of 25 miles per hour. For two decades, sail wagons of various patterns kept bobbing up at "ports" around the prairie ocean.

The most ambitious trip, before Peppard's voyage, was probably the one described in this brief account in the pioneer newspaper, the *Council Grove Press:*

> "The veritable windwagon arrived in this place from Westport, Missouri, a distance of 125 miles, propelled all the way by wind. It has sails somewhat similar to sails on our western lakes. Who says that the Santa Fe Road is not a navigable stream?"



Peppard family album

Samuel Peppard as he appeared in 1916 shortly before his death. He built a "windwagon" in 1860 and "sailed" the prairie from Osklaloosa, Kansas to near Denver where the wagon was wrecked in a squall.

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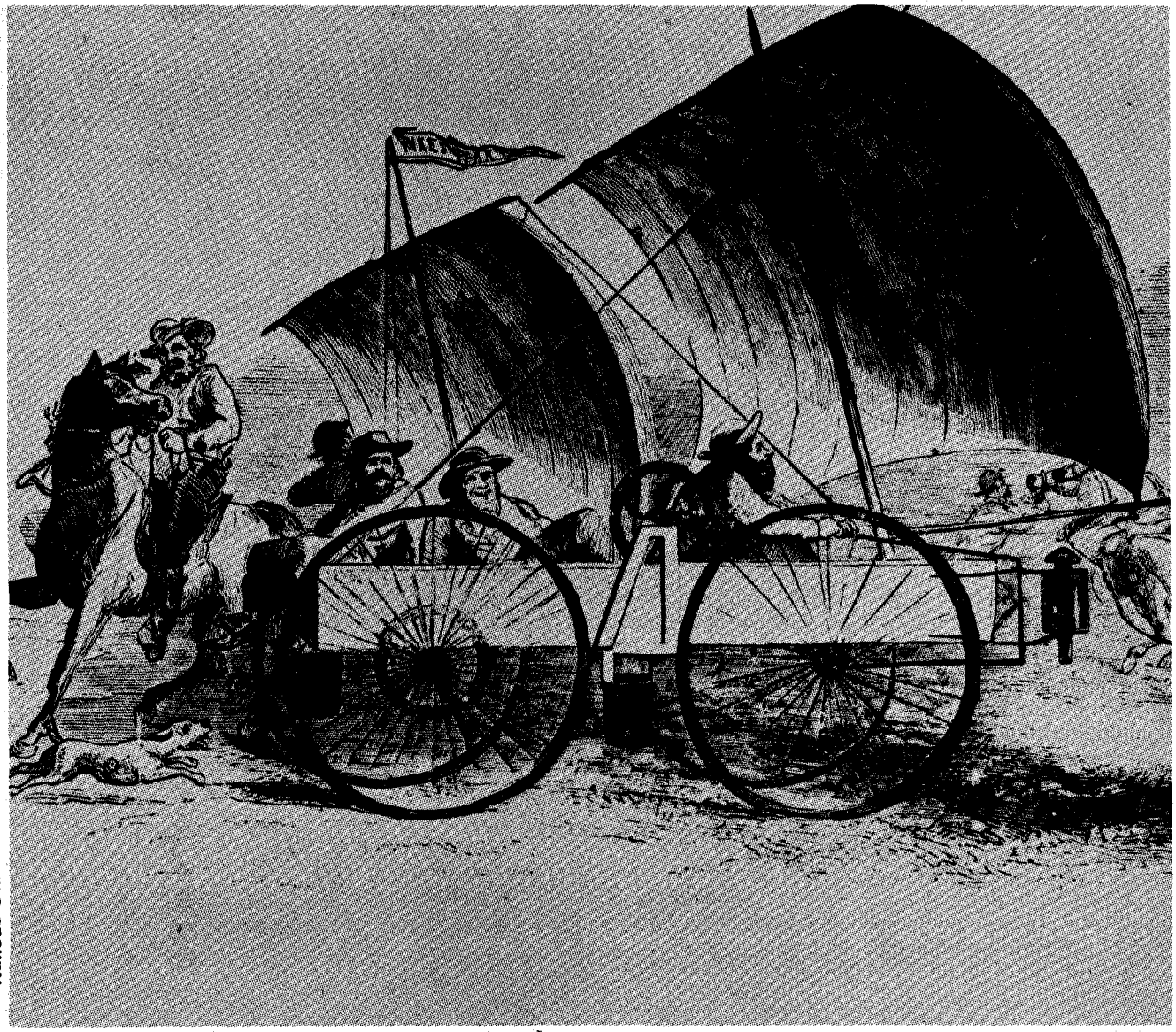
Peppard's windwagon sailed west from Oskaloosa, Kansas and joined or rather passed the migrating miners and settlers who were heading for the Pike's Peak mining area.



Kansas State Historical Society

Peppard, reasoning that a windwagon should be more wagon than ship, set about to create a vehicle that would be light and maneuverable, but sturdy. He made the only one to ever successfully navigate the prairie sea.

Idleness, not necessity, mothered Sam's invention. 1860 was a year of sever drought. With no crops to tend, the pioneers sat around in idleness. Sam piddled with his windwagon. He took a great deal of scoffing from the indolent ones who sat around his mill and labeled his creation "Peppard's Folly".

Reports of Rocky Mountain gold strikes increased daily, and the prairie doorstep to the Rockies was lined with schooners bearing the legend *Pikes Peak or Bust.* Watching the plodding ox-teams, Sam became imbued with the idea of creating a faster way to travel. He set to work in earnest.

A sharp contrast to the previous wind crafts, Sam's invention was a hybrid, more wagon than ship. It was light, small and easily handled. A three by eight foot bed, six inches deep, rested on four wheels.

Two sails were rigged to a 10-foot mast, fastened to the center front axle and extending through the wagon. One sail was 9x11 feet, the other 5x7 feet. A tiller, fastened to the rudder, was used for steering. Having both rudder and brake, the wagon weighed about 350 pounds.

A large crowd gathered to watch the maiden run on May 9, 1860. The sails billowed, the crowd cheered, and the craft sailed smartly over the grass. But the untutored crew was no match for the crafty wind that outwitted them and sent the wagon spinning into a gully.

Undismayed, Sam crawled out of the splintery heap and said to his crewmen, "This wagon is worthy, it's up to us to learn to handle it. Let's build another."

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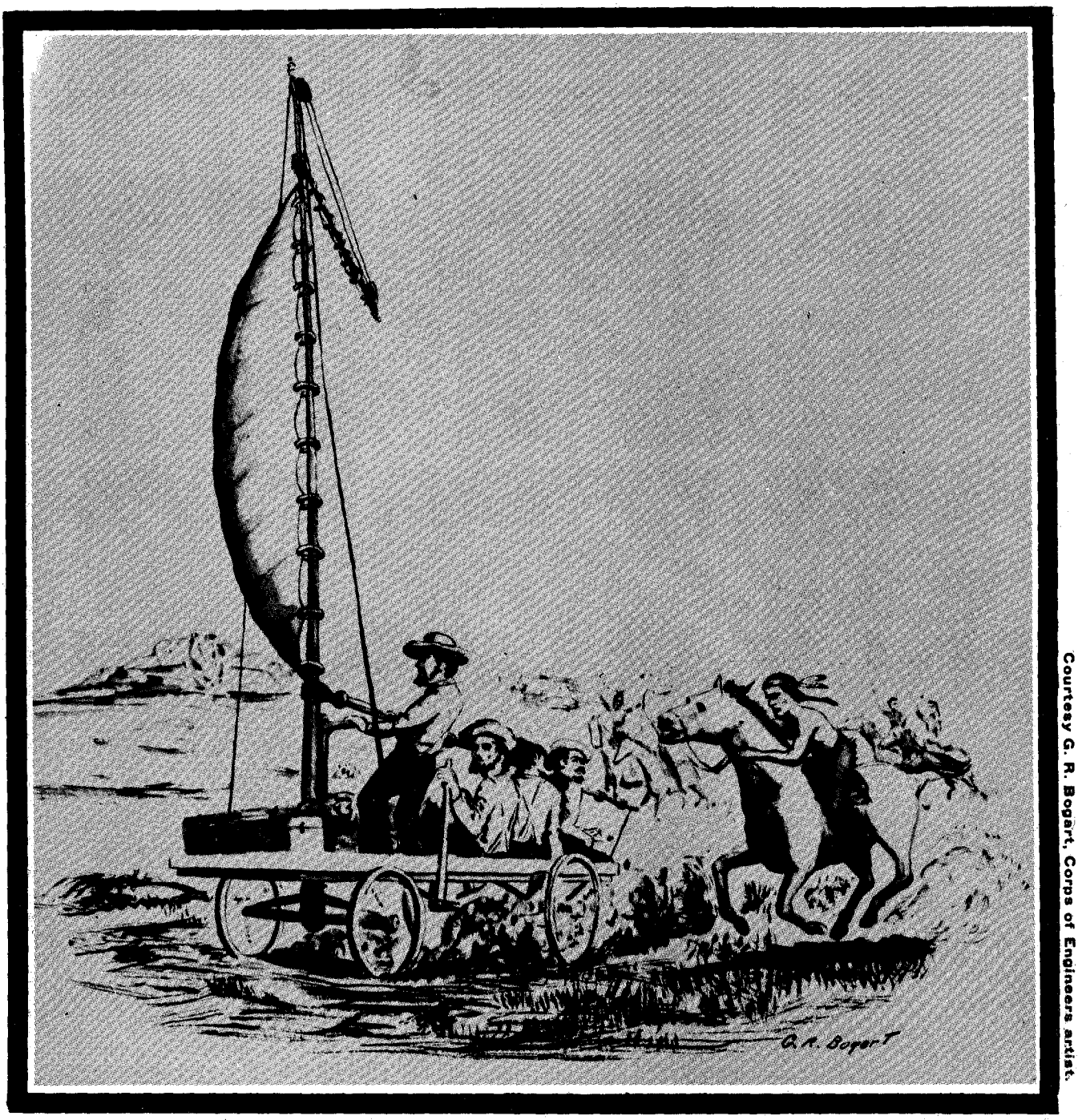

Courtesy G. R. Bogart, Corps of Engineers artist.

Print from an original sketch of the windwagon race with the Indians, made for an Army Corps of Engineers brochure about Lake Perry at Oskaloosa.

While rebuilding, the men plunged deeper into the study of their navigation manual and gave serious concern to the operation of sails, wind velocity and the use of ropes and tiller.

Practice sessions became a sport for village youths to go out and watch. A carnival atmosphere began to develop as the men completed the second wagon, and began to load it with 400 pounds of provisions and ammunition.

Launching day dawned with a bright sun, a clear sky and a brisk southeast wind. Before dawn, housewives were up readying breakfast so they could go out and watch. By sunrise, crowds began making their way to the prairie rise north of town.

A faded newspaper clipping describes the scene in these words:

> ". . . .the rush to the prairie pier was suggestive of the gold rush we witnessed in El Dorado City, at the foot of Pikes Peak, last year. . . .incessant movement along dirt streets kept the powdery silt in swirling pools under foot . . . .all the townspeople, as well as vagrants and travelers, were there to see Mr. Peppard set sail. . . .the craft, sleek and deftly packed, was an impressive sight. . . .on a pennant flapping from the mast in bold letters were the words "Peppard's Folly". . . . the craft sailed away with amazing grace. . . . . ."

Sam felt a surge of anxiety

(continued on page 57)

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REAL WEST'S MOVIE HALL OF FAME

TOM MIX "MR. ACTION"

By Mario A. DeMarco

I was fortunate to meet my greatest idol, Tom Mix, several times in my life. We met once when he was at the height of his movie career and later when he had retired from movie making and was traveling with his own circus. Both times he was the same smiling, friendly showman that made him great. Tom was in a separate class of his own amongst the other western movie stars of his time. This man was not just a "silver screen" hero, he had really lived his parts and several of his early flicks were actual accounts about some of his exciting adventures as a cowboy, soldier and lawman.

Thomas E. Mix was born in Clearfield, Pennsylvania in 1880. He loved horses and learned to ride and shoot early in life due to the fact that his dad, an ex-cavalry man, owned a livery stable. Looking for adventure, he left home at the age of fifteen and headed West where he got a job as a cowhand, working the various ranches between Oklahoma and Texas. When the war broke out in Cuba, Tom didn't hesitate, he headed for the first Navy recruiting station, but due to his age he was turned down. Instead, he signed up with the Army.

Being an expert horseman he was put in the artillery, just what he wanted. He even did some fighting with the great Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders. Tom had some close calls. Once he almost lost his life when he was shot through the mouth by one of the enemy snipers. The bullet entered his mouth and emerged from the back of his head. Near death he was taken to the nearest field hospital, but being of hardy stock he pulled out of the crisis and in a few months was back in action.

He later saw more service in the Philippine Insurrection and also as a member of the Expeditionary Forces which fought in the Far East during the bloody Boxer Rebellion. During one of these skirmishes he was charging toward the enemy when the Chinese sent a cannon ball his way. The blast blew up a cannon near Tom and his men, and a section of the wheel spoke hit him on the head and almost scalped him clean. He was the only member of that cannon crew to come out of the blast alive. At the hospital, his scalp was sewn back on and the only evidence left was some scar tissue.

When this action was over he was discharged from the service and returned home. He took up breaking horses on a ranch in Colorado, and it was here that he learned the British were looking for horse wranglers to be used in the Boer War in Africa. He packed up his duds and quickly signed up. Tom was shipped to Africa, breaking horses and even doing some fighting. After this venture ended he headed home to his beloved open plains to finally settle down to the life of a cowboy. He worked the ranges of Oklahoma, Texas and Kansas as top cowhand, later joining up with the famous Miller Brothers 101 Ranch (one of the biggest Wild West shows in the country) as a live-stock foreman.

While watching some of the performers in this great rodeo show one day he decided he could do better. He finally convinced his boss to let him become one of the performers. Tom certainly did a lot better, in fact, he became one of the star attractions of the show and even ended up in the record books winning the bull-dogging championship at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in 1909.

With all this excitement and adventure packed into his young life, which was enough to fill a dozen men's lifetimes, you'd think he had his fill, not for Mix! Being part Indian on his mother's side, it was Tom's nature to be born with "itchy" feet. After his venture with the Wild West Show he became a Texas Ranger and later Sheriff and United States Marshal. He captured his share of badmen and cattle rustlers. His shoot-outs with some of these desperados read like some of the scripts that Tom later acted in the movies. In one instance, he was shot by a bandit just below the heart. Tom carried this slug in his body for the remainder of his life. During an explosion, which Tom was unlucky to be caught in, a four inch hole was left in his back permanently. His knife wounds alone numbered about twelve.

After turning in his badge, he decided to settle down to a quiet life of ranching. He bought a spread in the beautiful and wild Cherokee Territory in Oklahoma. This life didn't hold him down too long before he got restless again, so he headed down Mexico way, joining up with the forces of Madero. He was captured by enemy forces and set up before a firing squad. "Lady Luck" was with him again and the shooting was called off, thus saving Mix for better things to come.

Tom then headed for the big city of Chicago. He got a job with the Selig Movie Company as a sort of guard taking care of the wild animals, seeing that none of them injured the stars whenever they were used in different scenes. This was quite common in these early flicks because Tom once related how he was locked in a small building and several wolves were put in with him. The cameras kept grinding while the scared Mix battled these hungry animals with his bare hands!

Colonel Selig didn't have to look twice to realize that he had a great natural action star in his midst, and young Tom Mix was signed to a contract under the Selig Company. In six years Tom made about seventy Western movies for this company, even writing and directing many of them. Some of his actual life story was written and acted by him. He was later signed by Fox Pictures and was on his way to becoming "number one cowboy star."

After many years of successful movie making, he decided to retire from the business. He formed his own circus. The fans came by the thousands to see their beloved star in person. He gave them what they wanted to see most, plenty of riding and shooting.

On October 12, 1940, while Mix was driving near Florence, Arizona, his car hit a soft shoulder on the road and his white car overturned and rolled down the steep banking breaking Tom's neck and killing him instantly. A small bronze statue of a riderless pony now marks the spot where this great Western figure died, a fitting tribute to a soldier, movie star and Westerner. . .there will never be another like him! ●RW

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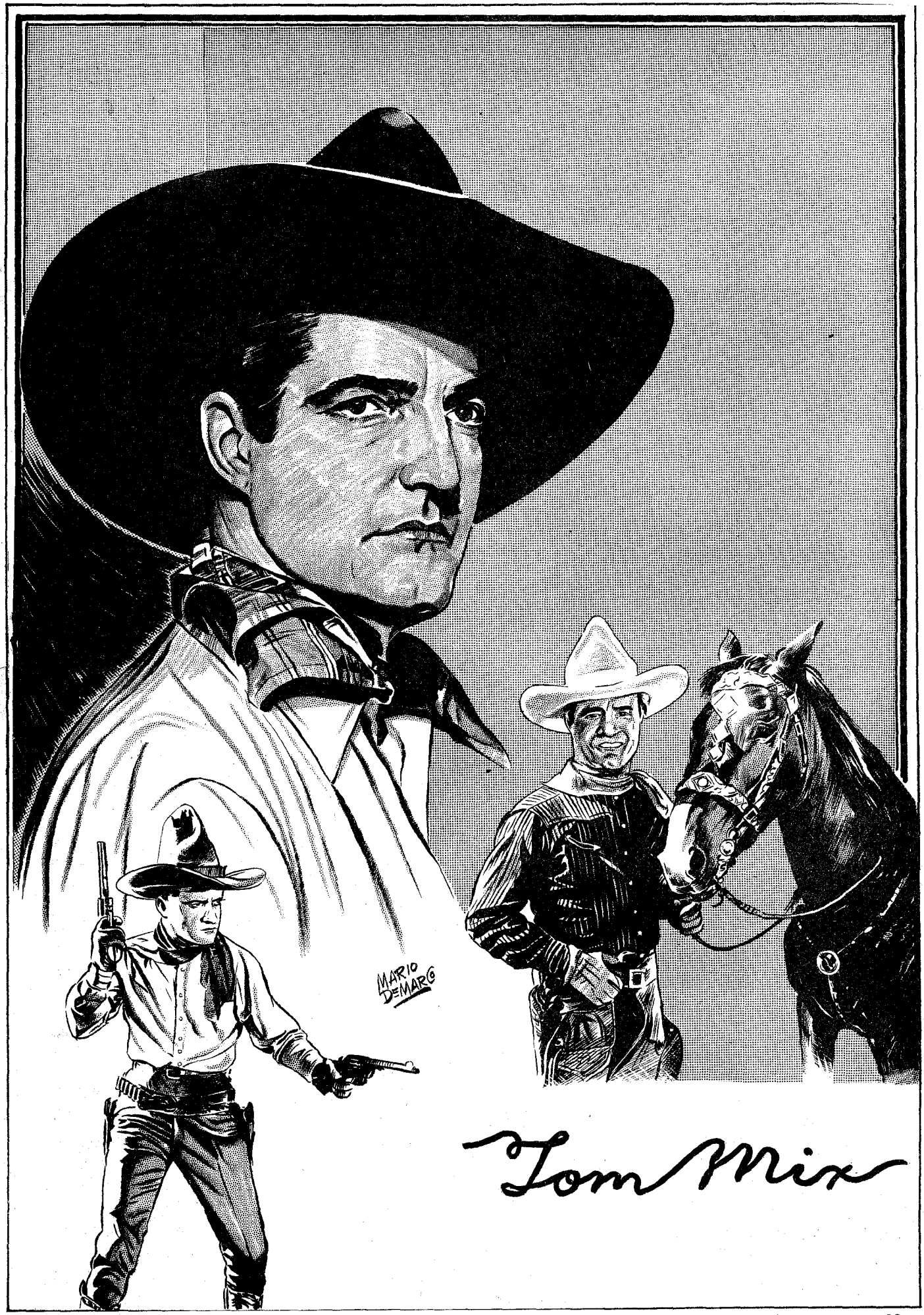

Sketched by author

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HOW MANKIND

Back around 700 B.C., horsemen were strutting around, showing off their spurs, just as cowboys do today. Knights of old were presented with their spurs as symbols of their status and even today the spur remains a status symbol with many people.

From the author's collection

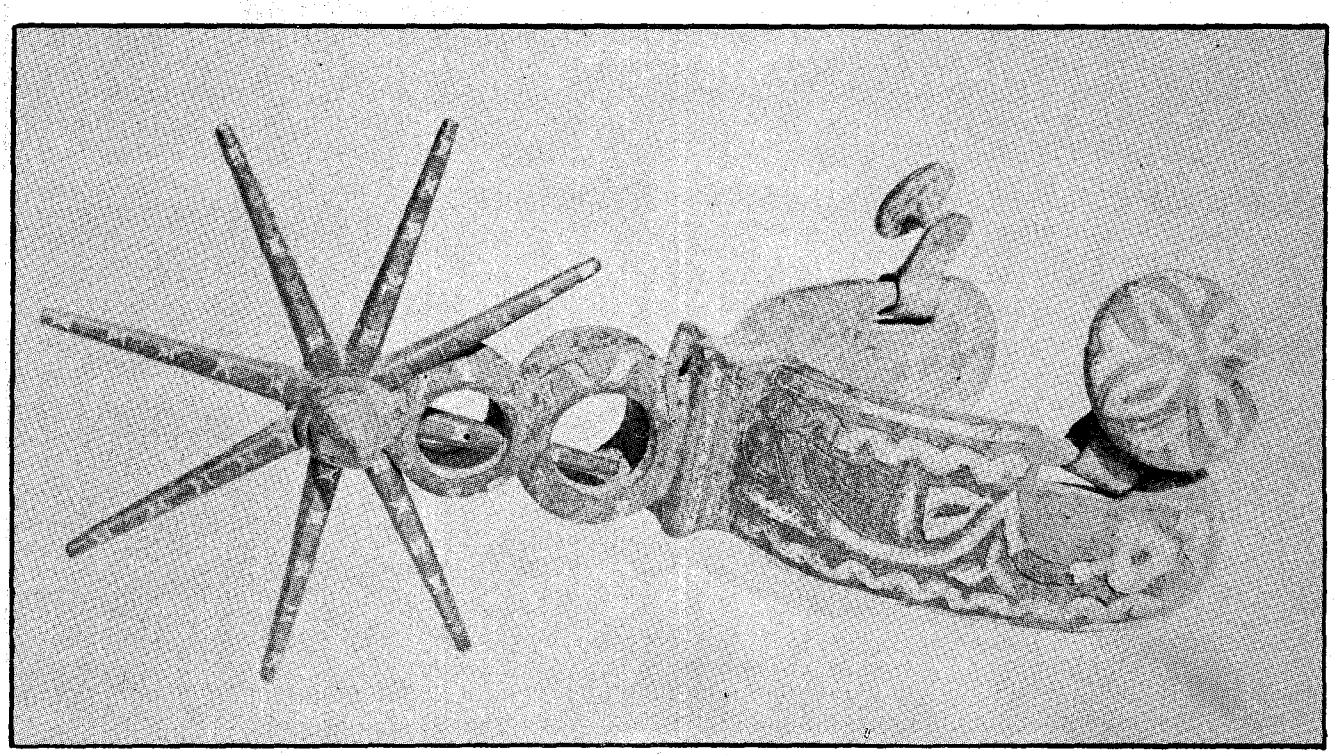

Fig. 4. Many soft iron Mexican spurs from the 1700's and 1800's were skillfully inlaid with silver. This antique weighs almost two pounds.

Many dance hall girls on the western frontier nursed skinned ankles after dance floor collisions with rollicking spur-clad cowboys celebrating their Saturday nights off in the local saloon.

Probably none of them knew or cared about the long history and tradition behind those spurs. Nor how, over many centuries, this one piece of riding equipment has set the man on horseback conspicuously apart from his earth-bound brothers.

Tracing the evolution of modern spurs carries us back through the ages more than 23 centuries, perhaps even as far back as 700 B.C.! That's the earliest period to which present evidence seems to point.

We know mankind has been using horses as beasts of burden, draft animals and for riding as long as six to eight thousand years. For untold milleniums prior to that primitive man had been hunting and killing them for food. Cave drawings in southern France and northern Spain, as well as bones and weapons found in ancient refuse dumps, attest to this.

Horses were pulling war chariots long before they were ridden, except in the Russian steppes of central Asia. There man rode horseback centuries before he put them in harness. Tribesmen of that region were quick to see the value of the horse as a means of personal transport and reserved for oxen the ignoble role of draft animals.

These wandering Asians were probably the first truly mounted men. They initiated breeding and training of horses between 8,000 and 6,000 B.C. Designated Cimmerians by one researcher, they were subsequently conquered by Scythians, fierce nomads who ranged between the Black and Caspian Seas and down into ancient Persia. Artifacts found in burial grounds indicate the Scythians had developed a superior breed of horses and became highly proficient in the art of horsemanship by 4,000 B.C. While they rode bareback, they did use a crude bridle made of cords tied around nose or jaw, as well as a simple type of bit. If they were

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WON ITS SPURS

by
Walter M. Leonard

this inventive, mightn't they also have devised a crude heel goad as well?

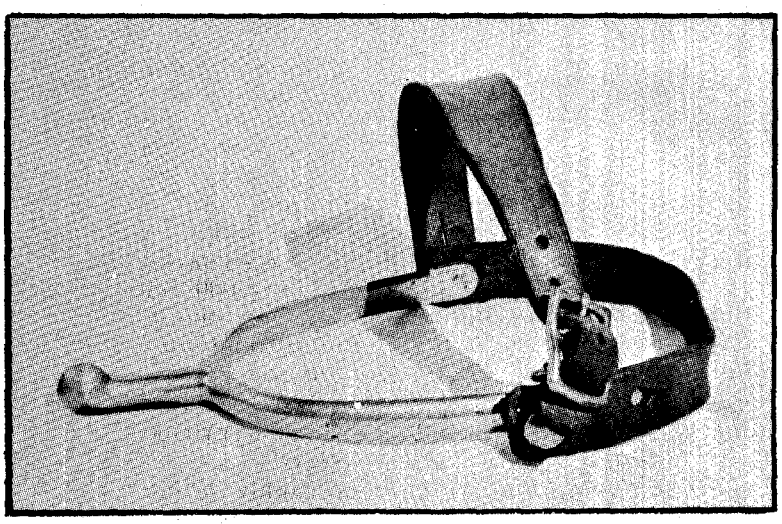
Unfortunately there is no suggestion on their ancient sculptures nor other signs that these Scythians wore spurs. It seems odd, if they did use them, that they were not passed along to the Persians, who readily adopted the skills and equipment of these northern nomads.

The Scythians apparently shared their equine knowledge and skill with their neighbors, Cappadocians of Asia Minor, Hyskos of Syria, the Assyrians of the Tigris Valley and Parthians on their eastern border. Presumably, somewhere among these peoples, the first simple spur was developed between 700 and 600 B.C. - a crude spike made of wood, bone or metal and fastened to the foot by leather thongs.

From linguists we learn the original Hebrew word for "horseman" was formed from an old verb root meaning "to prick or spur". This suggests an even earlier use of spurs than other evidence has indicated.

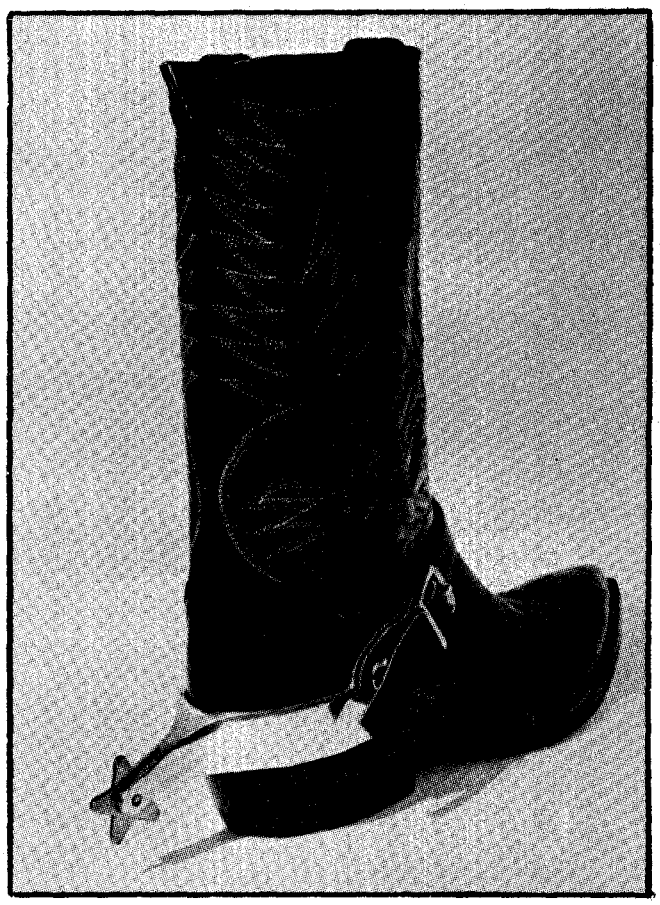
In the Old Testament, I Kings 5:26, we read, "And Solomon had 40,000 stalls of horses for his chariots and 12,000 horsemen." Wise as old Soloman is reputed to have been in the 10th century B. C., isn't it possible he provided a simple prick-type prod to aid his troopers in battle?

Since the prime purpose of horses in most eras was to give warriors greater mobility and an elevated position from which to battle foot soldiers, it seems logical that spurs were invented to replace the whip or lash so that one hand would be free to deal blows with sword or lance. Even today the cowboy had a hand free to rope a stray, thanks to his spurs.



Courtesy of Heard Museum, Phoenix, Arizona

Fig. 1. This later U.S. Cavalry spur was similar to the plain goads worn by the Greeks and Romans.



Courtesy of Bill Porter's Saddle Shop, Phoenix, Arizona

Fig. 9. Present day working horse spur.

Once the skills of handling and breeding horses had begun to spread out from Asia Minor, desert Arabs carried them westward across northern Africa. Finally in 711 A.D. the Moors introduced them into Spain, whence they spread northward into western Europe.

Some historians believe the Hyskos took the first horses to Egypt in 1730 B.C. Later, Greek mercenaries aided the Libyans in their war against the Egyptians, and probably returning Greeks took home knowledge of horses they had seen in Africa.

While horses were to play a relatively unimportant role in Greek history, as the army was composed primarily of foot soldiers, there was a small cavalry branch. An early chronicler tells us mounted Greek warriors of the 5th century B.C., were very vain about their horse goads. Upon returning from the field, they would frequently turn over their horses and saddle gear to their slaves to take home. Then they would stroll around the market place of Athens, still wearing their spurs, so that everyone might recognize them as members of the elite cavalry.

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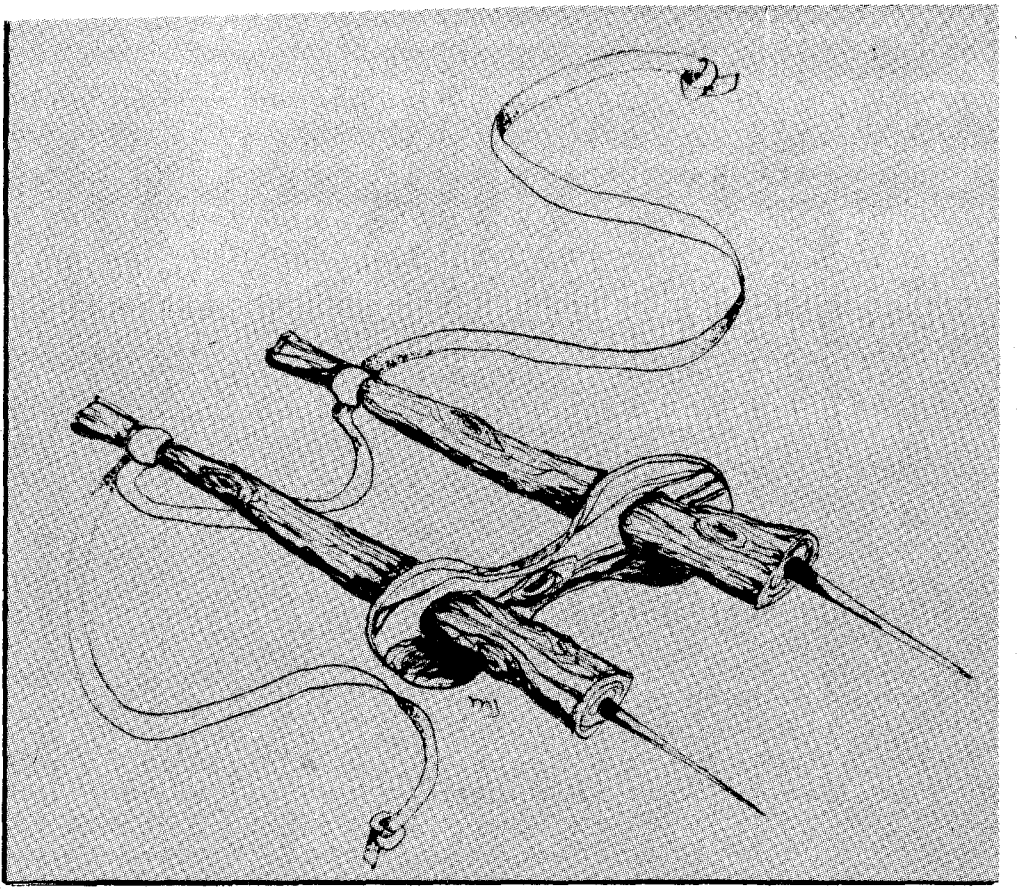
Mounted warriors were seldom mentioned in accounts of the great battles of Greece against Persia and her many other enemies. The famous Greek general and historian, Xenophon (430 - 355 B.C.)., does mention the use of spurs in his time but implies that the whips were more commonly used.

Romans probably adopted use of the spur from the Greeks and preserved its simple design. It was similar to the later unrowelled U.S. cavalry spur (see fig. #1). Usually made of bronze, they comprised a plain heelband with buttons or slots for straps and a short shank tapered to a point.

Again the whip was often preferred, by they improved on the Greeks by equipping one style, called a *scorpio*, with a sharp point set into the butt end of the whip. Thus it could be jabbed into the horse's flank like a scorpion's sting.



From drawing by Mary Jordan

Fig. 8. Primitive Indians in Argentina's Patagonia region fashioned their own "gougers" from materials at hand.

Although Caesar's legions surely introduced their plain goad spur into Britain with the initial Roman invasion of 55 B.C., it apparently made little impression on the Celts, who were not horsemen. The Venerable Bede recorded that the English generally did not ride saddle horses until after 631 A.D. Yet it is reported that an old spur found in England, presumed to date from the 3rd century A.D. or earlier, differed from the Roman goad by showing marks of a missing rosette which had apparently been fastened to the point.

The famous Bayeux Tapestry, stitched shortly after the Norman Conquest in 1066 A.D., depicts most of the knights wearing prick spurs strapped to their feet. After the First Crusade opened the Age of Chivalry in the 11th century A.D., spurs became the symbol of knighthood and were hard won by feats of skill and bravery. The presentation of richly ornamented spurs to a newly dubbed knight culminated the ceremony of initiation.

During succeeding crusades (1100 to 1300 A.D.) armor for knights, as well as their horses, became heavier and more complete in coverage. Inasmuch as horse trappings and armor often hung far down the sides, they interfered with use of the rider's spurs. Hence spur shanks were lenghtened to compensate for the restricted movement of the wearer's foot. Finally they reached lengths of 10 to 12 inches. At the same time the original small rowels were increased in diameter.

Many christian knight errants who did battle with the lightly armored and hence highly mobile Saracens in the Holy Land came to realize that their own cumbersome coverings could often be more detrimental than helpful. Consequently, many returning cavaliers adopted more abbreviated armor and reduced their spur size accordingly.

When Mongol hordes of Ghengis Khan scourged western Asia and eastern Europe during the 1200s A.D., his savage warriors spurred their mounts with prick-type goads.

Thus the simple pointed spur used by Greeks, Romans and Arab peoples continued to be used by other Europeans until after 1200 A.D., when stars or rosettes began to be attached to spur points.

Probably loose rowels did not come into general use until after 1400 A.D. Then the romantic cavalier came to prefer fancy, ornate spurs which increased in size until they were more decorative than useful. During the 1400's and 1500's it became fashionable to wear multiple-rowelled spurs, some having as many as five or six attached to one shank. For some time it became customary for the wealthy to wear gilded or silver spurs, often encrusted with jewels and frequently artistically inlaid or filigreed. While iron spurs were usually worn by retainers, even these were sometimes handsomely ornamented.

One variation in design was used with some complete suits of armor. A spur shank was fastened directly to the heel of the metal foot covering. But by the 1600's the use of gunpowder had rendered such protection obsolete so that the heavily armored knight passed into history. However, many well preserved specimens of the armorer's art may still be seen today in various museum collections.

Although the Chinese may have been one of the first people to design an efficient saddle and were very early users of stirrups, neither they nor the Japanese adopted spurs until

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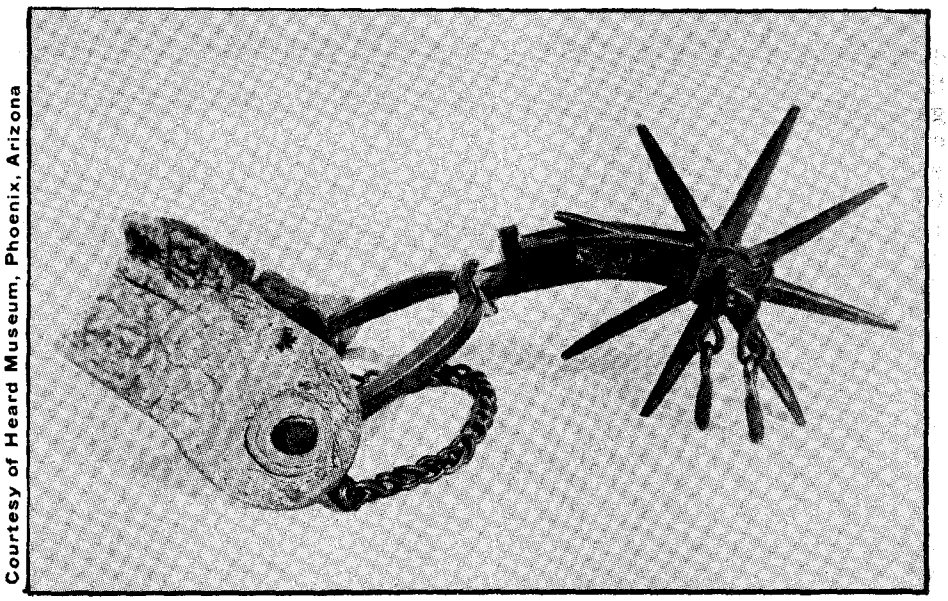
a much later period. Unlike their Mongol neighbors to the north, these orientals apparently never became very proficient in horsemanship, probably due to the fact that horses were reserved only for the wealthy classes and nobility.

Earlier we mentioned the lack of evidence that Persians actually used spurs as an aid to riding. In fact, as one searches out the use of spurs in Asia Minor and across northern Africa, he finds they were used in some places, but in others not at all. For example, Turks in recent centuries are said to have become so adept at controlling their horses with voice and knee pressures that whips and spurs were seldom used. The same was true of other Arab peoples in that part of the world. Like the American Indian, the Arab Spahi - famous cavalryman who protected France's north African colonial empire, particularly in Algeria in the last century - had a habit of continually kicking his heels against his horse's flanks as he rode, and for that reason he hardly ever wore spurs.

On the other hand, an old treatise on Saharan horses claims, "The Arabs say that spurs add a quarter to the horsemanship of the rider and a third to the vigor of the horse." Moorish horsemen in the northwestern region of Africa wore long - shanked spurs usually made of soft iron but often decorated with silver or gold designs. In the Sudan area farther south, natives still use Arabian type riding gear, including spurs.



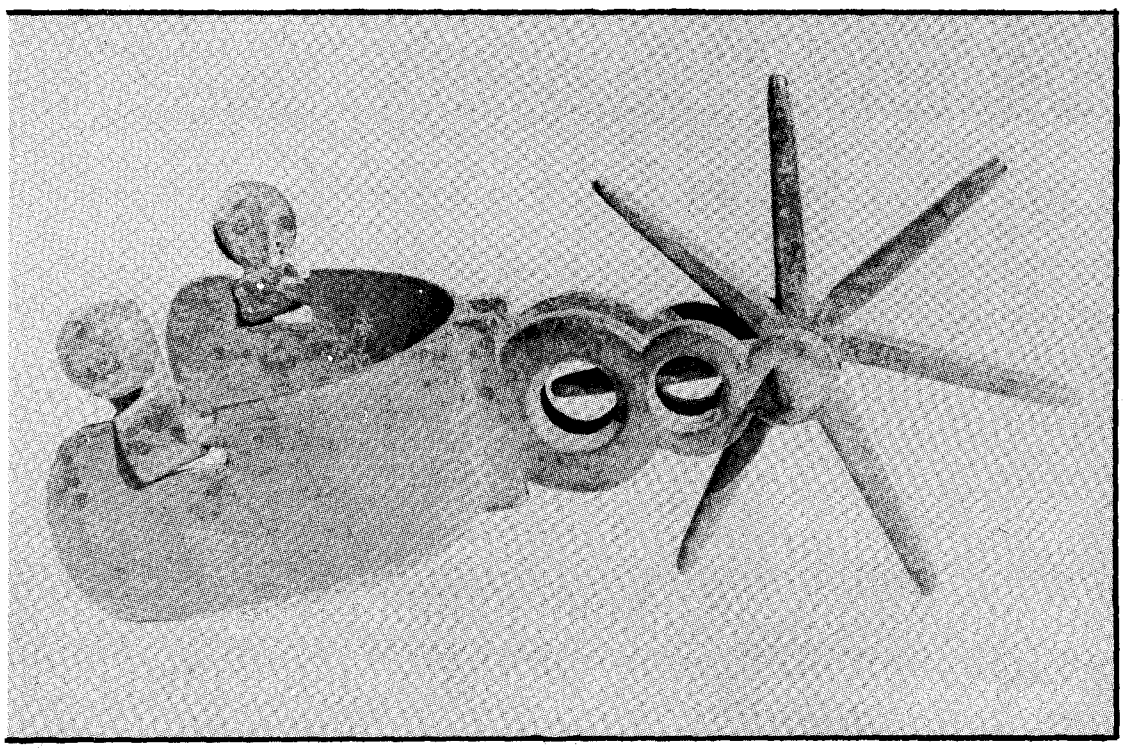
Courtesy of Heard Museum, Phoenix, Arizona

Fig. 3. Spurs of the conquistadors had long, down-curved shanks with large rowels similar to this early Mexican design. Note the steel danglers suspended from the rowel pin.

Another type of goad used in some Arabic lands was a metal point set into the inner side of a wooden stirrup so as to prick the horse's side when leg pressure was applied. Or where triangular metal stirrups were used, an inside corner was shaped into a point to act as a spur.

During the eight centuries of Moorish domination the Spaniards developed breeds of riding horses much superior to their neighbors. Moreover, they became highly skilled in horsemanship and the use of bridles, saddles and spurs introduced by their Arab conquerors. Thus the Spaniards became adept at handling huge, ornate spurs so as to get the most out of their mounts without undue injury or cruelty to the animals.

Naturally this was the type



From the author's collection

Fig. 5. Mexican VAQUEROS used to wear these plain iron spurs. Curiously this relic has seven spokes rather than the customary even number, such as six or eight.

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Courtesy of Bill Porter's Saddle Shop, Phoenix, Arizona

Fig. 11. Modern clip-on spurs for horse shows.

worn by the conquistadors when they came to the New World. After the conquest, Spanish authorities in Mexico equipped exploratory and colonizing expeditions with these cartwheel goads, which frequently had five inch shanks and six inch diameter rowels. Oftentimes, a pair of steel danglers or tiny bells were suspended from the rowel pins to "jingle-jangle" (see fig. #3). These distinctive Spanish spurs were to set the basic pattern throughout most of the Americas for 400 years. Even today Mexican *Charros*, who keep alive the traditions of the old *hacendados* and *vaqueros*, wear these large, ornate spurs during their festivities . (See fig. 4 and 5.)

Because homemade shoes of soft buckskin or other leather were the rule in those days, it was a problem to fasten spurs to the foot. Consequently, a piece of stiffer leather was often sewn onto the heel to hold them in position.

Another method was to use chains under the instep, which balanced with the strap over the foot to stabilize the spur (see fig. #6).

In either case spurs set low on the shoe and rowels hung down considerably more, so that they dragged on the ground while walking. Thus it became necessary to remove them when afoot.

As more and more booted Americans came to California in the late 1800's, they found spur chains a tripping hazard and likely to hang up a foot in the stirrup. To overcome this objection, someone designed an upcurved heelband which placed the strap button above the line of the rest of the spur. This arrangement worked conveniently on cowboy boots of the later westerners and quickly became popular.

Their tastes and preferences also brought about a gradual reduction in spur sizes. Shanks were shortened and rowel diameters narrowed down to about 1-1/2 to 2 inches. Nevertheless, the Spanish love of ornamentation still appealed to the cowboys.

Now the spurs that had been carried north into Texas had usually been more conservative in size. While the conquistadors had largely come from the provinces of Andalusia and Estremadura in southwestern Spain and had strongly influenced the traditions of western Mexico and California, many later settlers in Mexico, particularly in the eastern regions, came from other provinces with different tastes. Hence Texas inherited shorter shanked spurs with less downward curve and two to four inch rowels (see fig. #7).

Spanish style saddles, bridles and spurs were in great demand as trade goods after 1820 as far east as the Mississippi River and were used by mountainmen, explorers, scouts, hunters and mustangers throughout the West.

After the Civil War, many former cavalrymen, as well as dashing cavaliers lately dispossessed from their southern plantations, poured into Texas. Spurs had long been the mark of a gentleman and they were accustomed to wear them astride or afoot. Moreover, boots had long been part of their dress, so the eastern Mexican spurs rode high enough to clear the ground. With only slight modification to narrow the heelbands and reduce the rowels to an average of two inches, the Mexican spur became pretty much the standard of the cowboy in the Southwest and the Great Plains.

American Indians had captured mounts from the Spaniards as early as 1540 during Coronado's expedition through the southwest with 1,600 head of horses and mules. By about 1740

(continued on page 55)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

INDIAN WARRIORS IN THE CIVIL WAR

by Nono Minor

Over 10,000 Indians fought in the Civil War on one side or the other, and some set the figure as high as 15,000. Most of the Indians served west of the Mississippi. The Confederacy enlisted at least 5500 Indian cavalrymen; and in spite of the remark made by Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, that the Union would need no help from the Indian, at least 4000 Indians were known to have served in the Union army. The War split the tribes as it did the States. Many Indians were torn by doubts and the question of allegiance, and in some cases tribe fought tribe and family fought family.

One reason the Indians served with the Confederate forces was that the Confederacy had promised, in writing, that if they won they would create an all-Indian state or nation in the heart of the country, near where the state of Oklahoma now stands. Many of the Indians living in this territory were of the Five Nations or the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws and Seminoles who owned slaves. Also these people with their possessions, including their slaves, had been driven from their homes in the East years earlier, by the same Union or Federal army who was now in combat with the Confederacy.

A leading recruiter of Indians for the Confederacy, was Albert Pike. He was a Bostonian turned Arkansan who was a scholar, teacher, lawyer, editor, poet, orator, soldier and Masonic official. Born in the New England, hotbed of abolition, Pike had negotiated nine treaties with the Indians on behalf of the Confederacy. He found time to write the words to the song "Dixie" which had begun as a minstrel tune. Pike became a brigadier general in the Confederate forces commanding the Department of Indian Territory, all Indian land west of Arkansas and North of Texas. He was a veteran of the Mexican War and formed regiments and battalions of Indians along their own tribal lines.

Pike also made it clear that any white man who served under an Indian leader was to take the orders given without question. He let the Indians fight in their own way. Nearly all rode wiry plains ponies which they tethered to the rear while they fought. In one battle Pike let the Indians climb trees and fire from that vantage point. Many of the Indians used shot guns, a favorite weapon of the Confederate cavalry.

The First and Second Creek regiment of Mounted Volunteers was headed by Colonel D. N. McIntosh and his brother Lieutenant Colonel C. McIntosh, who were part Scottish and part Creek. Colonel John Drew headed the 1st Regiment Cherokee Mounted Rifles, made up mostly of full-blooded Cherokee. His regiment, by special authorization, attacked in Indian style with bows and arrows, tomahawks and scalping knives. The 2nd Regiment of Cherokee was under the leadership of Stand Watie, who was three quarter Cherokee and his men were mostly half-bloods. Chief Hemba Micco, otherwise known as Colonel John Jumper, headed up a Seminole battalion. The 1st Regiment Choctaw and Chickasaw Mounted Rifles was headed by Colonel Douglas H. Cooper. With the exception of Pike and Cooper, a former Mississippi planter who had become a Government agent for the Choctaws, the officers who headed the Indian Regiments were either full-bloods or at least part Indian.

Although Secretary of War Stanton did not wish to enlist the help of Indians in fighting for the North, many Indians volunteered. Donehogawa, sachem for the Senecas, was among the first to do so. He had studied law, but had been denied admission to the bar because he was not a United States citizen. Next, he studied civil engineering at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and was appointed superintendent of a Government project at Galena, Illinois. While there he befriended a former Army officer now down on his luck and working as a clerk. Donehogawa, or Ely Samuel Parker as he was now called, returned to his tribal reservation in 1862 to obtain his father's permission to go to war. He applied to the governor of New York for a state-milita commission, but the governor declined him believing it would be bad for the vote as many of the citizens still remembered the Indian wars. It was not until 1863 that Ely Samuel Parker was granted a commission as Captain of engineers by the man he had once befriended, now Major General, Ulysses S. Grant.

Ely Parker became a Lieutenant Colonel within a year. He rode with Grant through the death and desolation of the Virginia campaigns, he was a tall figure on a black horse and called by the troops "the Indian". He is credited with saving Grant from capture or death at Spotsylvania when Grant rode straight towards the rebel lines.

Parker's place in history was made when, at Appomattox, the senior adjutant Colonel T. S. Bowers, was so overcome with emotion that his hand shook and he could not write. Parker took the penciled draft of the surrender terms, as set down by Grant, and "transcribed in a fair hand the official copies of the document that ended the Civil War." Grant promoted Parker to brigadier general, his commission to date from Appomattox. When Grant became President he gave him the postwar distinction of being the first Indian to be appointed United States Indian commissioner.

In spite of the continued objection of the Union Secretary of War Stanton, the Union ranks were augmented by thousands of Indians. Unknown to him an entire company of Tuscarora Indians had volunteered and served early in the war with the 53rd New York Infantry, otherwise made up of D'Epineuil's Zouaves, a French infantry unit of Algerian recruits who wore gaudy French North African Uniforms. The Tuscarora were camouflaged in the tasseled red fezzes and billowing oriental trousers of the Zouave troops.

A company of Seneca braves, tribesmen of Ely Parker, made up a New York regiment. A band of Delawares scouted for the Union army in the Mississippi Valley area. Many Creek and Cherokee joined the Union forces and the Osage said they would volunteer to fight for the Union if given flour

(continued on page 81)

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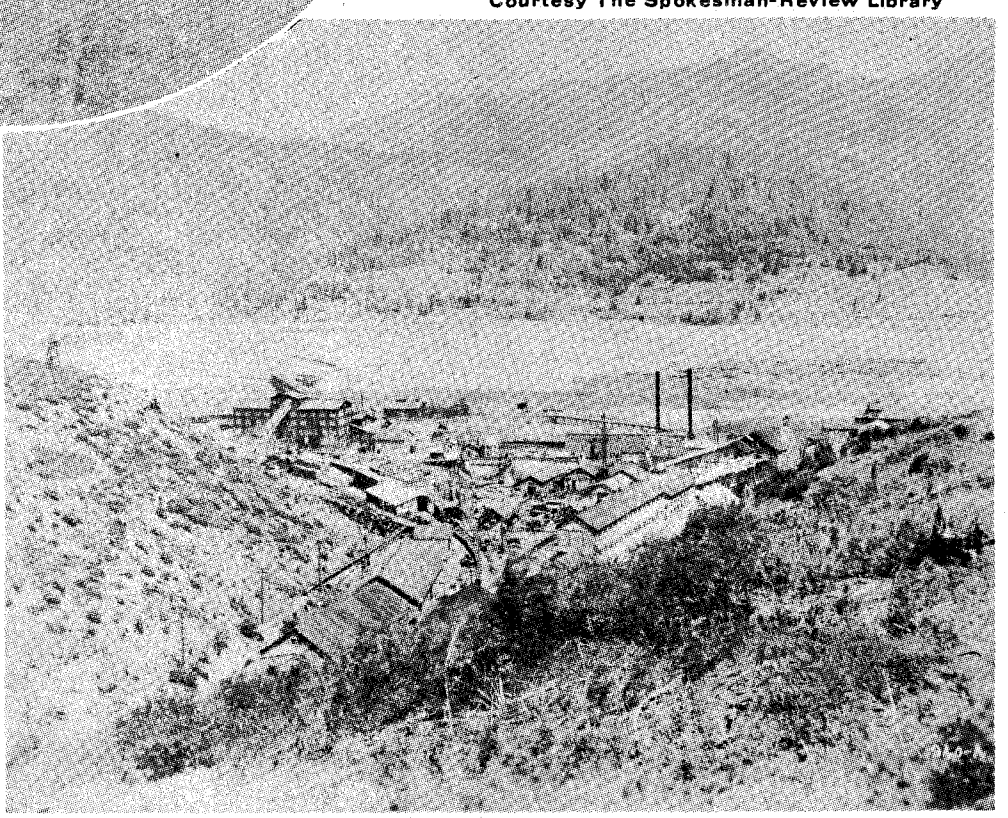
REAL WEST

Courtesy National Archives.

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY NO. 41. CURLY HEADED DOCTOR. A Modoc Medicine man in the tribe which was under the leadership of Captain Jack. He was present when the army tried to arrest Captain Jack for the murder of a medicine man. He took part in the Modoc war which followed.

Courtesy The Spokesman-Review Library



THE BUNKER HILL AND SULLIVAN MILL near Kellogg, Idaho. While prospecting in the area in 1885, N. S. Kellogg chasing his burrow which had wandered away, stopped to rest and regain his wind. He sat on a rock which proved to be an outcropping of almost pure galena. He was sitting on top of a silver mine!! A rush followed and the town of Kellogg was founded. The town still thrives.

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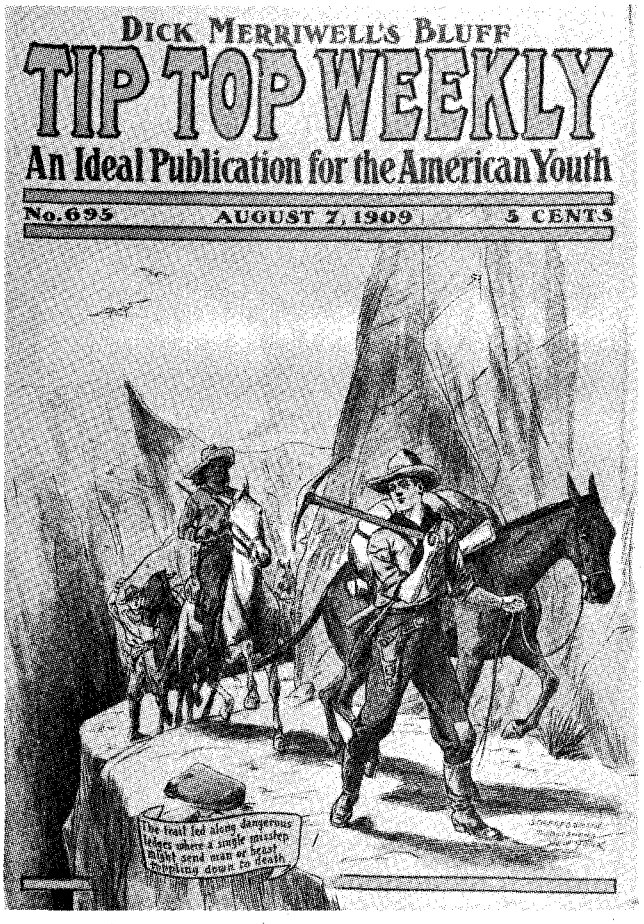
PICTORIAL



From the LeBlanc dime novel collection

DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST NO. 25. TIP TOP WEEKLY. Tip Top featured the adventures of Frank and Dick Merriwell and although they are remembered mainly for their athletic feats, the locale for many of stories was the west. Frank owned mines in New Mexico, a ranch in Wyoming and he made Denver his home away from home. The one pictured above illustrates a story of treasure hunting in Colorado. The series began April 18, 1896 and ended July 27, 1912 after 850 weekly issues.

THE BURIAL OF WILD BILL.

(*To Charley Utter—Colorado Charley.*)

UNDER the sod in the prairie-land
We have laid him down to rest,
With many a tear from the sad, rough throng
And the friends he loved the best;
And many a heartfelt sigh was heard
As over the earth we trod,
And many an eye was filled with tears
As we covered him with the sod.

Under the sod in the prairie-land
We have laid the good and the true—
An honest heart and a noble scout
Has bade us a last adieu.

A tribute to Wild Bill on the occasion of his burial at Deadwood by an unknown poet.

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The Mysterious Oklahoma Town WHERE MEN WERE FORBIDEN

by Lee Hover

The weird town sprang up overnight in the Cherokee Strip. Only females were permitted in the town named Bethsheba, there were no male horses, no roosters, no males of any kind! When a reporter forced his way into the all-female town, it vanished and the women who'd lived in it were never seen again!

During the early days when the Oklahoma prairies were being settled small towns sometimes came and went almost overnight. They were ghosts of dreams that faded quickly when contact was made with the reality of establishing a town and making it live on the meager pickings of the dry, windswept plains country. Of all these short-lived towns Bethsheba was, perhaps, the strangest.

Bethsheba was a tent town in what is now Garvin County, Oklahoma. It was a town of women. Nothing male was allowed there. The

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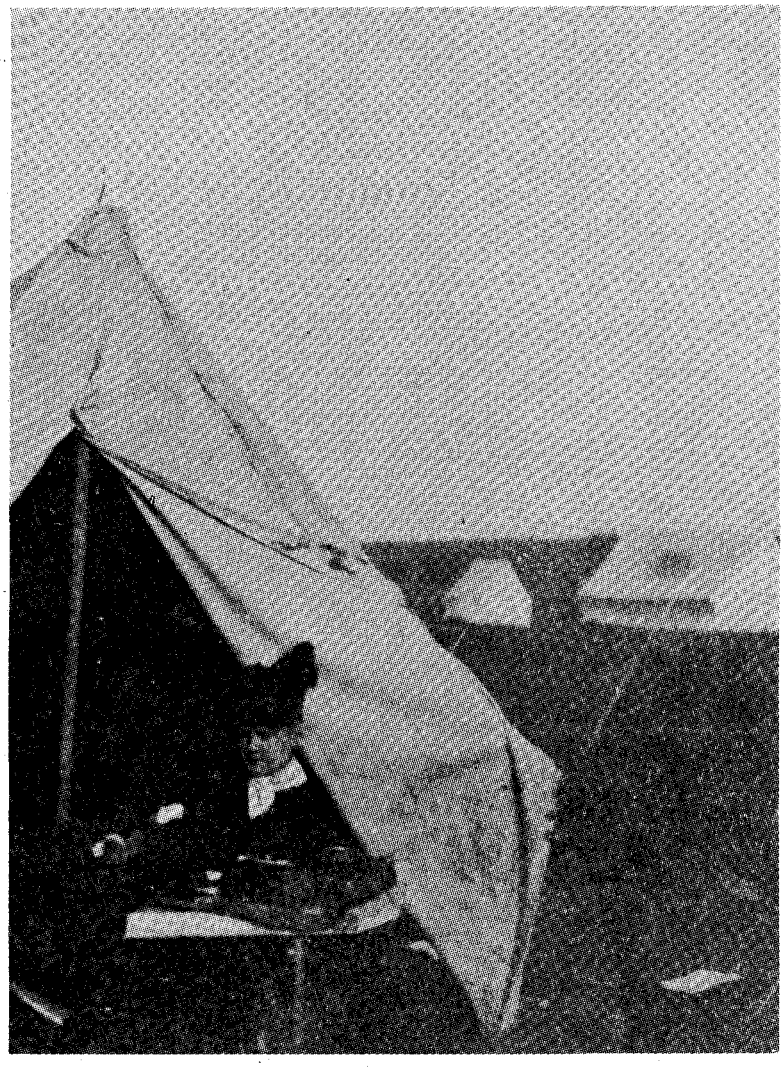
Oklahoma Historical Society



The only known photo of Bethsheba, Oklahoma, a tent town that flourished for a short while in the 1890's. The town was established by women who allowed no males to enter. This included animals. The horses were all mares, even the chickens were all hens. Was this an early form of women's lib?

horses were all mares, even the chickens were all hens. The women were embittered toward men and this formed a bond among them and led to a determination to get away from men forever and have no further dealings with them. While they were about it they rejected the males of all specie. Their problem was that men were everywhere. They could not get away from them.

The opening of the Cherokee Strip on September 16, 1893, solved these women's problem. The opening offered a perfect opportunity to obtain enough free land to establish their own town. They proceeded to make the run and staked a claim. This alone was a test of their desperate determination to find a place to establish their manless utopia. The mad scramble of that run was a gruelling experience but successful. Word was sent back to the other women to come.

Soon the yet unnamed town's inhabitants began to arrive. They came in wagons and buggies and they brought mares and hens and female cats and dogs. They were prepared to establish their separate world. And when they reached their stretch of barren prairie land they set up their tents and then came together to draw up the rules by which they would live. A mayor was elected, a town council formed and a police chief was elected. Her main duty was to run off any man who showed up. She was provided with a shotgun and instructed to use it if the occasion demanded. The basic and most adamant rule by which they lived was that nothing male was to be permitted in their midst. They named their town Bethsheba.

The nearby settlers soon discovered that there was something strange about the new town. A man came in to see what Bethsheba had to offer in the way of groceries. He was confronted by a shotgun in the hands of a determined looking police chief. He was ordered off and advised not to return. The startled visitor was convinced. He went.

Most pioneers were not the staid lot later generations often picture them to be, and Bethsheba aroused a considerable amount of curiosity and comment as the news spread. More men tested the truth of the first man's story and found that he had told the truth. They had something of a mystery right there on the old buffalo range.

Some of the settlers' wives visited Bethsheba and learned that the townswomen had lost faith in the male sex to the extent that they had taken this extreme means of getting away from them. The mayor, for example, had married a drummer only to learn that he already had a wife and several children elsewhere.

The women of Bethsheba dressed in dark clothes and kept their heads covered. They kept a close watch upon one another to be sure that the no-man rule was kept. Nothing remotely connected with men was tolerated. When one of their number was discovered with a razor she was banished as a bad influence because she used male implements. By the end of the first week twelve other women decided that Bethsheba was not for them and returned to the world. This left only about twenty women to plow the land, plant crops and build sod houses or dugouts for permanent homes. They soon learned that while such a life was hard enough when there was a man around to do the heavier work, it threatened to be too much for women alone.

Bethsheba was unusual and news of its existence spread. A young reporter just across the line in Kansas heard about the town of women and told his editor. He was promptly sent down to get the story. Upon arrival the reporter stopped at several nearby claims to get some background material before going into town. What he heard, including the shotgun carrying chief of police, convinced him that he had story enough without personal interviews with the inhabitants of Bethsheba. He returned and reported to his editor. There he met with a difference of opinion. Personal interviews were necessary, he was told.

(continued on page 76)

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Did The JAMES BOYS Take Part In THE MUSCLE SHOALS ROBBERY?

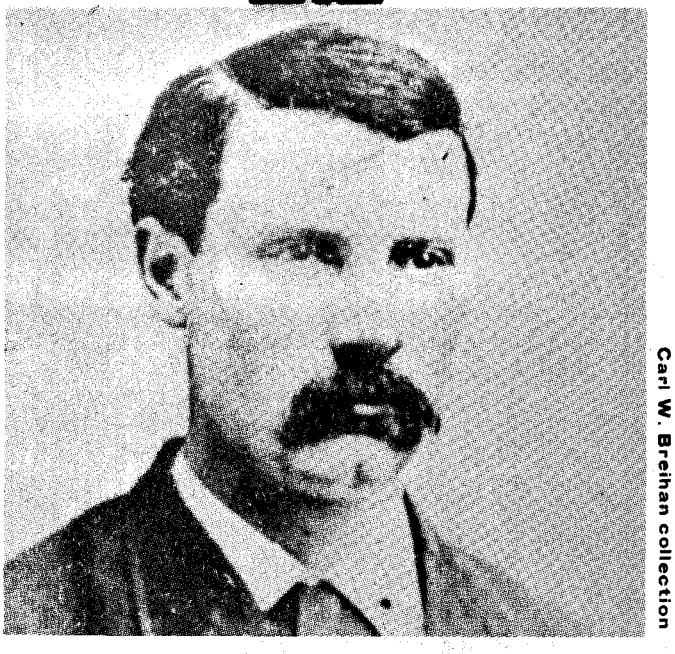
By Carl W. Breihan

A detailed account of how Jesse James probably led the trio who held up the Army Paymaster beside the Muscle Shoals Canal, March 11, 1881. This began the sequel of events which led to his murder by Bob Ford less than a year later.

Silas Jones shifted in his captain's chair, just enough to give his aching backbone a little relief. He had become so engrossed in listening to the old-timers cracker-barrel discussion of world events for the past few years that he had stiffened up somewhat. With eyes half closed and munching on a cracker and some cheese he continued to listen. These sessions around Ike Smith's pot-bellied stove were always interesting and sometimes were punctuated by friendly arguments and claims.

One of the subjects being discussed was the Custer fight at the Little Big Horn. They finally all agreed that Custer had acted fool-hardy in his attempt to crush the Sioux Nation all by himself. They also agreed that Custer was to have commanded one of the three army divisions operating against the Indians under Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse in the Black Hills country. Unfortunately he was called to Washington, and angered President Grant by giving distasteful testimony before a Congressional Committee engaged in investigating charges against Secretary Belknap, reflecting upon Grant's brother, Orville, a frontier post-trader. Displaced as head of the division, Custer secured a modification of the Presidential order, and on June 25, 1876, led his Seventh Cavalry to death by massacre, not a man surviving.

They talked about the coming of the telephone and Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp in October of 1879, as well as the lack of rainfall in the county of Clay. These Missouri farmers talked about the assassination of President James Garfield, which occurred July 2, 1881. The President, a graduate of Williams College, was on his way to attend his class reunion when he was shot. He was removed from Washington to Elberon, New Jersey, and died there September 19, 1881. The assassin, Charles J. Guiteau, was hanged in the jail at Washington, June 30, 1882.



Carl W. Breihan collection

"Whiskey-Head" Bill Ryan, one of the James gang who took part in the hold up of the paymaster at Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

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The abortive raid on the Northfield, Minnesota bank was discussed at great length. Few of the men seated in the store were not in sympathy with the Jameses and the Youngers, but they felt that silence at this point was the better thing to do. These ex-Confederates became very excited as they spoke of how Cole Younger and his brothers, Bob and Jim, had been severely wounded and captured after Northfield. Three of the bandits had been slain by the citizens, and the Younger Brothers had been sentenced to life imprisonment in the Stillwater Penitentiary. There was great speculation as to whether or not Jesse and Frank James had been members of the band of Minnesota robbers; most of the men agreeing that they had been, and that they were pleased to know they had escaped.

These armchair historians, for some reason or another, did not discuss the robbery that had taken place at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, on March 11, 1881. Perhaps they felt that the ensuing complications, resulting in the arrest and imprisonment of Bill Ryan, did not give them much room to hang their pro-James opinions onto; therefore, the less said the better. Especially since the majority of those present felt reasonably sure that Jesse and Frank, with Bill Ryan, had pulled off that caper.

However, other robberies occurred prior to that which kept the old-timers supplied with gossip-conversation for a long while. One was the daring holdup of the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis train at Glendale, Missouri on October 7, 1879; the other the holdup of the Glasgow, Kentucky stagecoach as it plied between Mammoth Cave and Cave City. The incidents related by the victims of this robbery showed plenty of evidence that Jesse and "Whiskey-Head" Bill Ryan had been the bold daylight robbers.

Several years prior the Jameses had decided to move to Nashville, Tennessee in an effort to live peacefully, and to escape the long arm of the law. One dark night two covered wagons left Liberty, Missouri, one driven by Tyler Burns; the other driven by John T. Samuel, Jesse and Frank's half-brother. Riding behind the wagons came the noted Missouri outlaws, mounted upon the finest horseflesh obtainable for the time. In the wagons rode Zee and little Jesse and fair Annie Ralston James, wife of Frank.

The latter part of August, 1877 found the travelers in Humphreys County, Tennessee, near Waverly. There Jesse rented a farm from a man named Link, and it was there that his twins were born and died in a week or so. The stone markers erected over the graves are still there; these are the same stones which Jesse, in his grief, carved by hand to identify the graves of his beloved twins. Jesse liked Tennessee. His son had been born in Nashville in 1875; now he and Frank thought that state might offer sanctuary to two weary outlaws.

No one suspected who "Mr. Howard" was; all his neighbors stated he was a good farmer, and a man who knew his horses. He had a racing mare named "Red Fox," an animal which he often entered in the local racing events, always winning. After nearly two years of farming and cattle raising Jesse decided to pull up stakes and visit his brother in Nashville.

To allay suspicion of the local folks Frank had gone on to Nashville while Jesse remained at Waverly. Using the name of B.J. Woodson, Frank James lived at the home of Ben Drake for a time, and then moved to the house of Drake's sister. His health improved, he moved to the Josiah Walton place on White's Creek, several miles from Nashville. People may have thought it odd that Mr. Woodson always carried two heavy pistols, but if they did they never mentioned it.

During the off season Frank drove a team for the Indiana Lumber Company; later he worked making cedar buckets for the Prewitt-Spurr Lumber Company. Frank and Annie lived in a small log house at the time, and it was there that their only child, a son was born; and they called him Robert Franklin James. The child's parents dressed him as a girl and called him Mary Woodson, believing that perhaps one day an identity change might come in handy for Frank.

Carl W. Breihan collection

Only known photo of the Jesse James home at 606 Boscobel Street, Nashville, Tennessee. Jesse lived here at the time of the robbery of the paymaster at Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

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Courtesy Rick Lee Mach

James Andrew (Dick) Liddil, a one-time member of the James gang, testified that he had overheard Frank and Jesse James plotting the Muscle Shoals robbery.

Frank's final move in Tennessee was when he rented the Felix Smith farm on White's Creek, and it was from that address that he was listed in the city directory. Frank was happy there; his health and financial status had improved, but one day Jesse brought his family to Nashville to live with Frank's family and the older brother was disturbed about it. When Jesse rode off to engineer the Glendale affair and the Glasgow Stage robbery, Frank remained at home. He wanted no part of it.

When Jesse returned to Nashville his influence on Frank began to take its effect. It is believed that if Jesse had never returned Frank would have lived out his life in peace in Tennessee, with no one the wiser. With Jesse again on the road, Frank continued his peaceful existence in Tennessee. Word reached the Woodson home regarding the Glendale and Mammoth Cave stage holdups and Frank knew that Jesse and some of his men were again active. He just shook his head and made no comments. While Jesse was away Zee gave birth to a daughter on July 17, 1879 at the Felix Smith farm, and she was named Mary.

Many followers of the James legend seem to agree that the holdup of the paymaster at Muscle Shoals, Alabama was a "spur of the moment" proposition; that the boys had not gone there with the sole purpose of a planned robbery. However, since Bill Ryan accompanied them, this leaves some doubt in the minds of others since Frank James hated Ryan, while Jesse tolerated him. Perhaps Jesse's regard for Ryan was the result of Ryan's way of feeding his vanity. Jesse always seemed partial to men who placed themselves on a lower plane than his own.

However, others claimed that Jesse, still suffering from his lung wounds, wanted to consult a specialist whose residence was in Selma. But there appears another background to this visit to Selma. The farm adjoining that of the Jameses in Clay County, Missouri was the property of Frank Silas Norris and his wife, Sarah. Being neighbors and both families having migrated from Kentucky to the Show-Me State, the Norris family and the Jameses became close friends. The Norris family had a son named John, who became very close to the James boys, plowing the fields and providing the family table with wild fowl and other meat.

When the great Civil War broke out, John Green Norris and his friend Frank James joined the Confederate Army under General Sterling Price. There was also a daughter in the Norris family and she married Robert Woodson Hite, favorite first cousin of Jesse James, near Adairsville, Kentucky. Major George T. Hite, the father of "Wood" Hite, as he was called, had married Nancy James, a sister of Rev. Robert S. James, father of the outlaws. It was at the Hite home that Jesse tried to commit suicide in 1870 when he learned that his sister Susan planned to marry Allen Parmer, an ex-guerrilla.

After the war John Green Norris returned to Missouri, then moved to Selma, Alabama, where he later married Miss Mollie Graddick, daughter of a locally distinguished physician. The newly married couple built a home on the corner of Jeff Davis Avenue and Washington Street, and later Norris became one of the leading contractors of Dallas County.

According to the Norris family Jesse's visit to their city was a peaceful mission; merely a trip to visit with their boyhood

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friend and playmate. The Norris family have in their possession an original photograph of Jesse taken at New Orleans about that time, as well as a pair of stiff shirt cuffs, inscribed: "To John Norris from Jesse James."

While in Selma Jesse and Frank refused to stay at the Norris home, but resided incognito at the St. James Hotel on Water Street. There they occupied separate rooms, using the name of "Williams". The manager of the hotel, James Dedham, later said both men were polished gentlemen and he never once suspected their real identity or had reason to doubt they were not what they represented themselves to be.

On Friday, March 11, 1881, United States Army Paymaster Alexander G. Smith walked out of the Campbell & Coat Banking Company, Florence, Alabama, swung a heavily laden saddlebag over the back of his horse, mounted the animal and rode down the muddy street toward the Engineer's Camp at Bluewater. The camp was situated on the Tennessee River several miles downstream, toward Tuscumbia.

As Smith rode leisurely along the towpath that paralleled Muscle Shoals Canal, several miles from Florence, three masked horse men with pistols drawn sprang out of the brush, disarmed him, grabbed the saddlebag and tied his hands behind his back. They took his watch and $221 from his pocket: then, strangely enough, returned the watch and $21 to the victim. The three outlaws then forced Smith through the dense forest, generally northward toward the Tennessee border.

The bandits took $5,000 from the saddlebag, making the total haul $5,200. The Missouri bandits, whose names were to become a household word throughout the nation, and probably already was, had successfully accomplished their only robbery in the deep South. Their partner in crime at Muscle Shoals was Bill Ryan, a bold, fearless braggart whose liking for whiskey sometimes made him an ally not worth having. . .Frank James said this many times.

The four horsemen wove their way through the wild, deserted forest, a wilderness unbroken save by the work camps of United States Engineers at intervals of several miles along the Muscle Shoals Canal. At dusk the robbers removed their masks and became very talkative. They said they were Texans: that they had been scouting the area for more than a week, plotting to rob the paymaster. They bragged that they were not strangers to the region, having passed through the canal zone more than once on missions into Alabama. Smith later declared that the noisy man wanted to shoot him, but the second man, obviously the leader, replied that they were not killers and that he would permit no harm to come to the prisoner.

As they rode on hour after hour, past Bull's Mill and Center Star and on into the darkness of the forest, the robbers questioned Smith with inquiries unrelated to what was happening at the time. Paymaster Smith later stated he was fearful most of the time, but yet could not help marvel at the good-natured attitude of his captors. One, he said, appeared almost to be a preacher, at times quoting bits from Shakespeare or the Bible. The second was a big-mouth braggart who smelled from whiskey: the third, the youngest man, was talkative, but sharp-eyed and ever alert.

Courtesy Gray Cavender, Jr.

Grave site at Waverly, Tennessee of the twins born to Zee and Jesse James. The stone on the ground and one of those standing were carved by Jesse James to mark the grave of his twins who died shortly after birth.

About twenty miles from the scene of the holdup the men stopped in a dense, deeply secluded spot. The bandits dismounted, squatted on the ground, and carefully divided the $5,200 equally between them. They then untied the arms of their victim and remounted their horses. As they sped away into the darkness, one of them threw Smith his overcoat, shouting, "Pass the night comfortably, Mr. Smith!"

The bewildered paymaster wandered all night through the thick, black, unfamiliar forest. Towards dawn a terrible thunderstorm struck the area, causing the lost man more trouble and discomfort. Finally on Saturday Smith stumbled into Bluewater Camp, weary and ill. He was informed that several searching parties had gone to search for him, but with the coming of the storm, had given up, believing him dead.

Throughout the night the bandits stretched their tired horses across North Alabama into South Tennessee. There, in the Nashville- Waverly Vicinity, where they had been living under the names of B. J. Woodson and J. D. Howard, they felt themselves comparatively safe. Jesse had also used the name of Harvard while in the Waverly area.

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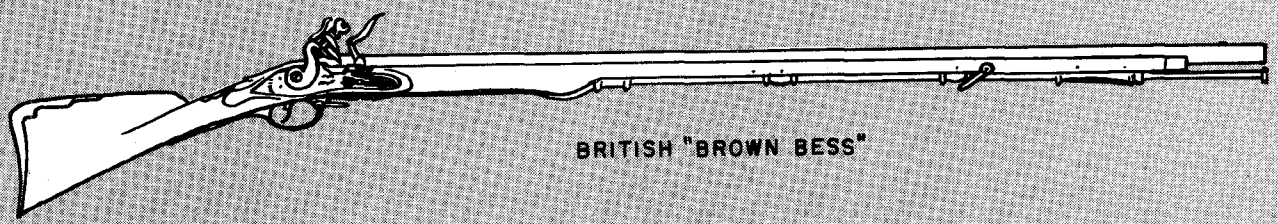
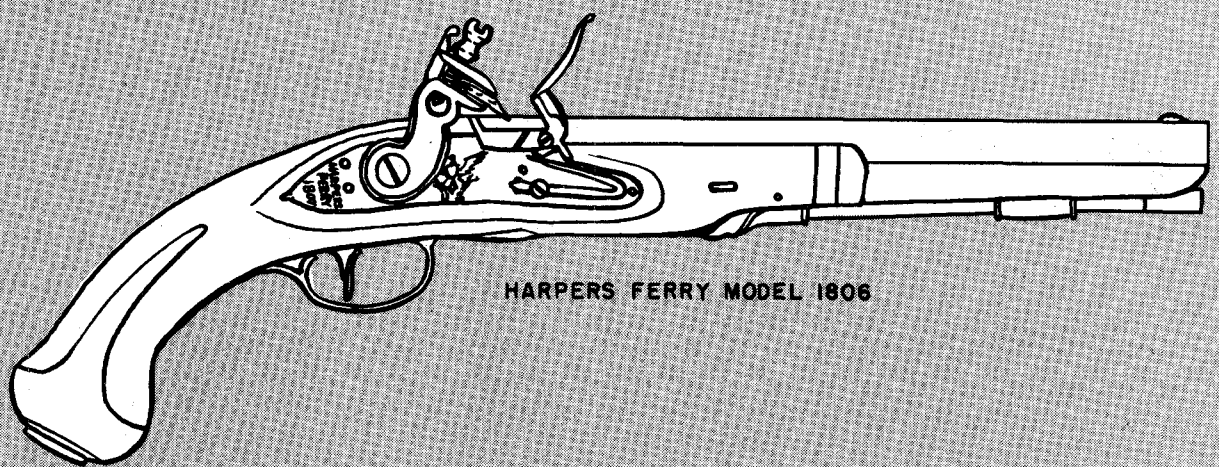
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



BRITISH "BROWN BESS"



HARPERS FERRY MODEL 1806

As I pointed out in the last two issues of REAL WEST, there is a tremendous surge of interest today in the shooting of muzzle loading firearms for sport. Many thousands of Americans shoot them in competition, while a growing number hunt with them. Thousands more prefer "plinking", which is completely shooting just for the fun of it.

The rapid growth of this sport is due partly to the fact that it is the least expensive of all shooting - usually costing less than the use of a .22. Increasing legislative restrictions against modern firearms is another factor attracting newcomers to muzzle loading. But most of all, shooters are turning to it because of an intense interest in doing things just as our pioneer forefathers did them.

For those shooters who really appreciate such a challenge, the flintlock rifle is the answer. This slender and graceful arm of the early western explorer, beaver trapper and mountain man has a special appeal. It also gives a special satisfaction to have mastered it.

Last month, I gave basic instructions for the loading and use of a flintlock. With this ignition system, however, it is essential to know the chief causes of misfires and what to do about them. If this sounds very complex at first, it will not seem so after you get accustomed to it.

To begin with, in order to fire properly, the lock must be capable of generating a quick and hot spark for ignition of the priming in the pan. Three things are necessary:

One, the frizzen must be of the correct hardness - hard enough for flint to strike a shower of sparks from, yet not too hard for tiny shavings to be cut from its surface. It is these microscopic steel shavings, heated to incandescent heat, which fall in the powder and ignite it.

Two, the flint must have a sharp chisel edge, properly adjusted to make maximum contact with the frizzen along its entire edge. It should be tightly clamped in the jaws of the cock, with a bit of thin leather around its base to help insure this tight clamping.

Three, the "angle of incidence" may need adjustment. This is the angle at which the flint hits the steel. It should make contact fairly high on the frizzen, with a long, scraping follow-through. Remember it should be a

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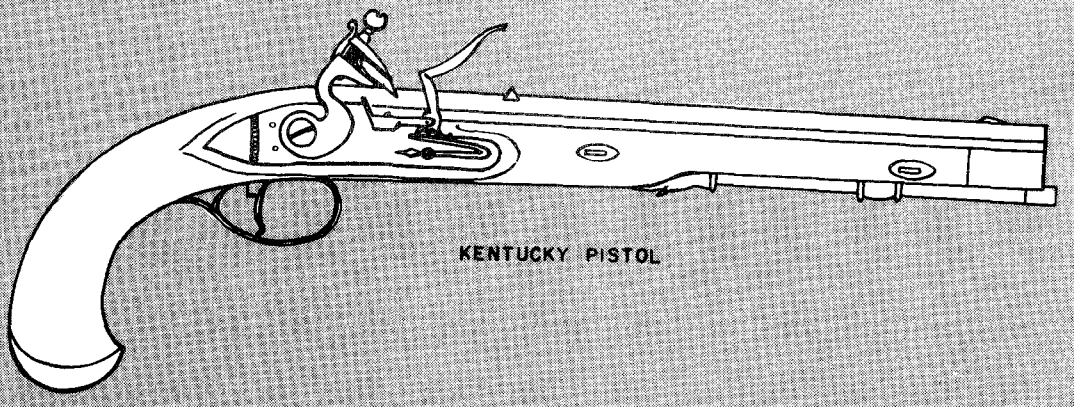
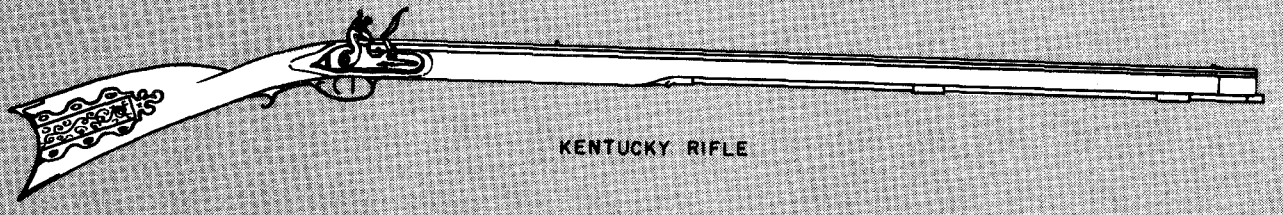
FLINTLOCK MISFIRES AND CURES



KENTUCKY PISTOL



KENTUCKY RIFLE

SEVERAL OF THE FINE REPLICAS AVAILABLE TODAY FOR SHOOTING

Sketched by author

scraping action - not just a sharp blow. The novice shooter may experiment with a shorter flint or a longer one, and with the funflint bevel up or bevel down. Different combinations produce different frizzen action. Be sure this member snaps completely forward as the flint scrapes it, so it will expose the priming properly.

If all three of these things still do not produce a satisfactory spark, have a gunsmith look at it - one who specializes in muzzle loaders. He may exchange the cock to alter its "throw".

Now let us assume that you have a good spark, but the rifle still misfires. This "flash in the pan" is disconcerting, but is usually the easiest trouble to cure.

First of all, a finer granulation of priming powder is the most efficient. The type generally recommended is FFFFg black powder, which is still made by DuPont. Or with caution and common sense, you can pulverize a coarser granulation in a china saucer with the underside of the bowl of a teaspoon. Metal against china should not spark, but work with only a little bit of powder at a time!

Remember to always wipe off the contact surfaces of the flint and frizzen after each shot. That layer of soot doesn't help. Very important - clear the touchhole with a piece of wire before reloading.

Tap the rifle butt upon the ground right after the powder charge is measured into the muzzle. This will settle the powder in place, and particularly it will get some adjacent to the touchhole. Some may even sift into the inner end of the touchhole. If you have been using FFg powder in your main charge, a switch to FFg may improve ignition.

A big help for ignition troubles is the installation of an erosion-resistant metal insert, generally of stainless steel or Ampco alloy. This replaces the touchhole with one which has a reverse cone in it, bringing the main charge much closer to the priming. Slotted for a screwdriver, this may be replaced in a minute.

If a flintlock is perfectly adjusted, the lag between the flash and the shot should be too short to actually discern. A real test of flint ignition is to fire the gun in an inverted position - pan upside down. If it fires that way, you have a good one!

Next month, for readers who are entering this new sport, I will give a similar review of problems with the percussion rifles.

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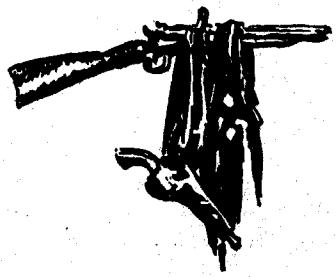
BEYOND THE LAW

Part 8



By Emmett Dalton,

Last of the Dalton Gang

In this, the next to last chapter in the account of the Dalton Gang by the only surviving member, Emmett Dalton tells how he was treated after being wounded in the Coffeyville, Kansas, shoot-out and how he served fourteen years before the Governor commuted his sentence.

CHAPTER XXI

On October 11, I was removed on a cot from Coffeyville, Kansas, to the county jail at Independence. The county attorney, Mr. J. R. Charlton, who is still alive and a good friend of mine, had filed two charges of murder and one of bank robbery against me. Although I had never fired a shot, I was charged with the killing of George Cubine and Lucius Baldwin and the robbery of the First National Bank.

Shortly after being taken to jail I was given a preliminary hearing before a Justice of the Peace and held without bond.

While in jail, the Pacific Express detective, Mr. H. C. Dickey, came to me several times and wanted me to tell him how he could catch the others who he said were implicated in the Adair robbery.

He was a fine old gentleman, and I think the best detective they ever had after us. He went so far as to say that he would have his company put two thousand dollars in the bank for me and have their attorney come and intercede for me. I told him I knew nothing about them and would not tell him if I did.

Here is about one of the most cold-blooded deals I ever had given me. On the first Tuesday in November, less than a month after being taken to jail, the district court met, with Judge J. D. McCue presiding. It is not amiss here to mention that Judge McCue was a candidate for re-election, with strong talk of opposition. Though I was under the daily care of two surgeons, Drs. McCullough and Masterman, yet Judge McCue tried to force me to trial after I had been carried into court and propped up on a chair, and would have done so only for the strong affidavits of the two surgeons, and my attorney, Mr. Joe Fritch.

The following March, five months after my capture, my attorney, Mr. Joseph Fritch, came to me and told me he had it all arranged with Judge McCue to *nolle prosequi* the charge of murder in the Lucius Baldwin case and the robbery of the First National Bank, if I would plead guilty to a technical charge of murder in the second degree for the murder of George Cubine, and that the court would give me between fifteen to twenty years; which I flatly refused, knowing that I had actually killed no one and they had no proof of it.

However, after my attorney, many of the court officials and friends prevailed on me for several days and told me how the court would be more willing to help me if I would ask for a commutation of sentence later on, I agreed to plead guilty of murder in the second degree, and trust to the honor of the court.

Imagine my surprise when I hobbled into court on crutches, March 8, 1893, pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree and received a life sentence.

Had I not been well balanced, and knew the selfishness, shams and deceits of human nature, there, that day, I would have been born an anarchist.

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From original drawing in the book BEYOND THE LAW published by J. S. Ogilvie Co. 1918.

I leaned over my saddle to grab him and lift him to my horse, when suddenly, above all the other noises, came a loud detonation. Then I felt myself falling.

Though Judge McCue had been elected by three thousand majority, he was defeated the following election by eight hundred (less than six months after he sentenced me), to which my attorney says he joyously helped to contribute.

One hour after my sentence, I was rushed on to a train and started for Lansing Kansas, where the state prison is located. While my treatment in prison was better than I expected, under the circumstances, yet, if I had known the suffering it entailed, I would have ended it all before entering.

Arriving at the state prison about eight o'clock that evening, I was ushered into the chief clerk's office, where I was asked a routine of questions and booked in.

Tom Callahan, the sheriff, a real white man who treated me very kindly while in jail, gave me a good send-off to John Higgins, the Deputy Warden, whom I later found to be one of the

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best and most impartial officials connected with the prison.

Mr. Higgins said to me, "Well Emmett, I am deeply sorry to see any one come here as a prisoner, especially a young man, but try and make the best of it and remember that if you feel you have a grievance come to me with it first - your word will be as good as any officer's if you tell me the truth."

After the customary bath, I was taken to a cell where I was doomed to sleep for fourteen years, five months and twenty-eight days.

I had not hit the bed five minutes until I began to figure how to honorably get out. I knew that no power could withstand the power of the mind, when concentrated on one purpose.

The prison cells are an abomination. They measure approximately four and one-half by eight and one-half feet, with one little dim light and an eighty-by-ten air-hole. It is cold in the winter and hot in the summer. In them more insanity is produced than anywhere else. They are the product of some of our savage ancestors' ideas of what it takes to reform a prisoner. While it is true that the air is free, yet is seems to be the policy of some of our unwise legislators to allow the prisoner to enjoy just as little of it as possible, by forcing him to serve over half of his sentence in one of these little stuffy cells.

The next day, after being examined by the chaplain as to my moral status, I was assigned to the tailor shop to learn the trade of cutting and fitting men's clothes. Four months afterwards, I took charge of the tailor shop and worked from twenty-five to forty men for fourteen years.

In prison, all prisoners are classified by the prisoners as well as by the others. The same condition prevails among the officers. Those who are known as "all right" are the ones who keep their troubles to themselves, act the gentleman at all times, and will not tell about the violation of any prison rule, under any circum - stances.

Those who are known as "wrong" are always whining about their troubles and run - ning to some officer and telling him what they have seen some other prisoner doing. They are known as snitches and they have a rocky time of it as soon as they are found out. We usually had two or three snitching officers, but they, like the snitching prisoners, had a hard time of it.

The "all right" officers and prisoners made it so hot for them that if they did not resign they were fired or put on some outpost where they could not see or hear anything. Fortunately I was classed as "all right" from the beginning by both officers and prisoners. During all the years I was in prison, I was never asked once by any officer what I had seen any other officer or prisoner doing.

Their confidence seemed to grow in me the longer I was there. There never was a time that every officer and prisoner was not ready to help me. The prisoners all confided in me, and some of the most pitiful cases one ever heard were told me.

First it would be the young boy who had run away from the nice parents and a good home and committed some petty crime. Then a poor man with a large family, which was almost destitute, or the old man who had lived honorably all his life; all looking for consolation and advice.

Some of them no doubt innocent, but all paying the toll of some ambitious pettifogging prosecutor, whose aim in life was to perpetuate himself in some office. Many is the letter I slipped out by the underground route for my fellow unfortunates to their folks, after I had read them and saw there was nothing wrong in them, and I am glad I did.

Then came the first ray of liberty. I was put outside as shipping clerk — the first life - time prisoner to be given this position. Although I had the friendship and active assistance of six former wardens and their officers, about one thousand in number, and six thousand prisoners who had gone out, yet I cannot help—I am in duty bound—to especially mention the last warden I was under, W. H. Haskell, his chief clerk, John Brown, and the prison mail clerk, Charles Ernst.

I well remember stepping into Warden Haskell's office and asking him for the position outside. All he said was, "Will you run off?" I told him, "No." "All right, you can have it," he said.

About that time John Brown and Charles Ernst, my friends, stepped in, and after hearing the conversation said, "We will stand good for him, warden." Three better men never lived. Such as these you meet but once in a lifetime. I could mention the names of a thousand officers and ex-officers who I think felt the same way toward me, to say nothing about the six thousand prisoners and exprisoners.

I can truthfully say this, that the Kansas State Prison is so far ahead of some I have visited since my release, that there is no comparison. While any place where the other fellow carries the key, is a hell, yet there you are treated a little more as if you were human, and Kansas people are as far ahead of some of those who pretend to criticize them as Christianity is ahead of paganism.

Toward the people of Coffeyville I hold nothing but the kindliest feelings. I was treated exceptionally well under the circumstances, with the exception of a few petty thieves who robbed the boys' dead bodies of what they called "souvenirs."

CHAPTER XXII

Bill Dalton Murdered

On June 11, I received a letter from my mother telling me that on June 9, 1894, occurred one of the foulest crimes ever recorded—the murder of my brother, Bill Dalton, near Ardmore, Indian Territory, by a bunch of cowardly United States Deputy Marshals.

This being shortly after our Coffeyville, Kansas, trouble, which was fresh in every one's mind, they went on the theory that any one could kill a Dalton, get a reputation as a brave man, and not have to stand trial for it.

Their theory was correct—except getting a reputation for bravery. On the other hand the people knew them to be the dirtiest, lowdown bunch of cowards that ever assembled together.

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Bill and some others whom I did not know were accused of a bank robbery at Longview, Texas. He and his wife and two children were at the ranch of his friend Houston Wallace, near Ardmore.

Bill's little girl was a cripple. His wife and Mrs. Wallace had gone to Ardmore to do some trading and left Bill and a sixteen-year-old boy who was working for Wallace at home to look after the children and stock. Here is the boy's story of how it happened:

"Along after dinner, I left Bill sitting in a chair in the yard playing with his little four-year-old crippled daughter Grace, and went down to the corral to feed the horses, which was about one hundred yards away. In about twenty minutes I heard three or four shots up at the house. Looking up I saw a bunch of men standing in the yard where I left Bill. As I walked up to where they were, I saw Bill lying on the ground a few feet from where I left him. The spokesman said:

"We wanted him and told him to throw up his hands and he grabbed a Winchester and started for the brush. We shot him, and now, young fellow, you would better keep quiet or you will get into trouble yourself."

"Bill had had no gun on him or near him, nor, did I see any where he had fallen."

They had no warrant. At the inquest the examination showed that only one shot had hit Bill over the right kidney proving that he had been shot while sitting in the chair, leaning over presumedly to assist his crippled daughter. Had he been shot while the body was upright, running, as they said, the bullet would have gone straight through, not up and out over the heart.

All the explanation Bill's little girl could give was, "I heard some shooting and papa jumped up and fell and some men run up."

Bill's wife, a noble woman, came and took his body back to California for burial. The assassin's bullet had done its work—the reward was yet to come. Somehow, sometimes that inconceivable something we call public sentiment manifests itself to give praise where praise is due and censure where censure is due.

In this case, public sentiment was so strong against those marshals that one by one they were relieved of their office, and left the country to go where they were not known, there, I presume, to find opportunity to practice more of their infamy on an unsuspecting public.

Such occurrences as these are not very conducive to one to reform while serving a life sentence in prison.

While in prison and since my release, I have read a great deal on how to handle the prisoner and how to treat him after his release. I have read some of the most beautiful and classical theories ever penned by man on these two subjects, but have thrown them all aside, knowing that beautiful theories put forth in classical language do not fill the empty heart.

The prisoners, inside and out, do not ask for sympathy or charity. All they ask for is a square deal: a chance for you to judge them by their acts alone. I do not believe a prison ever reformed any one. If so, how are we going to know until we have given them a full, fair and impartial chance? Above all, the prisoner should never be judged by what some drunken, ignorant, grafting country town cop says about him. To my mind, Henry Ford is doing more toward making good citizens out of ex-prisoners and good Americans out of foreigners, than any one else.

CHAPTER XXIII

My Release From Prison

On July 6, 1907, I was paroled for four months by Governor E. H. Hoch, to have an operation performed on my arm for necrosis of the bone. The operation was performed by Dr. Outland and Dr. Ernst, at Topeka, Kansas. This is the arm that was broken so badly from a gun shot at Coffeyville, Kansas, at the time of my capture, and which has caused me so much trouble ever since.

In the meantime, I had filed with Governor Hoch my application for a cummutation of sentence. The Kansas City and Topeka papers had all taken up my case voluntarily and everything looked favorable for my release. Then occurred a little incident which would have made the average man heartsick. The Governor's parole clerk, in making out my papers, had made a mistake and dated the expiration November 1, instead of 6, which would have been the four months I asked for.

The Governor's son Homer, who was his secretary, phoned me that my parole expired next day, November 1. We were all under the impression that it expired November 6, but the Governor was out of town and not expected back for three or four days, and there was nothing to do but go back to prison. After the Governor's secretary and I had wired repeatedly all day October 31 trying to locate the Governor, to explain the situation to him, we gave it up and I started back to prison.

I had until midnight on November first before my parole legally expired. Just before starting back to prison the Governor's secretary and his son Homer, Mr. L. L. Keenie, editor of the Topeka *State Journal*, Mr. Eugene Stotts, one of his staff, and Fred Bullene of the Kansas City *Star*, all assured me that everything would be done to locate the Governor before I had to go back into prison, but the time was short, only until midnight the next day, and I was to re-enter prison to serve out the balance of my life sentence.

Arriving in Kansas City, where I was to change cars for the prison, I accidentally ran onto Representative C. M. Beeson, of Dodge City, Kansas, and explained to him my situation. Here I might add that Mr. Beeson was an old-time sheriff and cowman, liked by every one and a strong advocate of my release. Walking up the street with Mr. Beeson, we ran into one of the boys of the Kansas City *Star*, to whom we likewise explained that we were wanting to find Governor Hoch. He said, "Just wait a moment. Colonel Nelson is in his office. Let me call him up." Returning from

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the phone, the reporter told us that Colonel Nelson said, "Tell Dalton to go on back to prison and wait there until the last moment before he goes in. The Kansas City *Star* will find Governor Hoch for him, if the Governor is on earth."

Getting on the car, I went to Lansing, where I presented myself to Deputy Warden Jim Dobson and told my trouble to him. He was very kind and told me to wait at the hotel outside until twelve o'clock that night, and jocularly remarked, "Getting you back in prison is like trying to draw a cat over a brussels carpet by the tail."

About four o'clock on the afternoon of November 1, I received two phone calls; one from the Kansas City *Star*, saying that they had located the Governor in Council Bluffs, Iowa, another from the Governor's son, saying that he had also located the Governor and that he had continued my parole until the sixth and for me to return to Topeka at once—which I was more than glad to do.

On the morning of November 2, Governor Hoch returned and that afternoon about three-thirty phoned me to come to his office. Arriving at the Governor's office I walked in. There sat all the newspaper men who had so kindly helped me, the Governor's wife and a few others. I do not know at which place I was the most agitated, whether in the First National Bank, at Coffeyville, or in the Governor's office at that time. I did not know whether it meant the granting of my application for a commutation of sentence, an absolute refusal or a commutation which would leave me several years yet to serve in prison.

The Governor, who is a good judge of human nature, and an exceedingly kind-hearted man, quickly saw the strain I was laboring under. Getting up, he walked over to me, shook hands and said, "Well, Emmett, I have decided to commute your sentence to expire immediately," and handing me the commutation papers said, "You have sinned and have paid the penalty of the law. In that respect you are much better off than the rest of us. In the future let your services be for humanity." Oftimes a few well chosen words beats a long sermon. Then for the first time in fifteen years and twenty-eight days—including the time I was in jail—I was free. Glancing at my pardon papers quickly, a thousand things ran through my mind, the mistakes I had made, the opportunities I had missed, the future; all like a bunch of drunken fiends clamoring for recognition at once. Then the thought came to me, If I had only known. But away with such thought. I will not be downed. If any distinction is to be made it should be in favor of him who has paid the penalty. While it is the custom with some to wait until after death to pay their respects, yet with me I believe in the teachings of those beautiful lines which read, "Fragrant flowers on the casket bring no odors to the dead."

To all those, both living and dead, who so generously helped me, my thoughts shall ever be those of eternal kindness. To Governor Hoch I owe more than a life of service can pay. When my belief in the goodness of mankind is at low ebb, I have only to turn my thoughts to men like him. What Governor Hoch did for me, he did for hundreds of others, many of them with cases as hard as mine. But to those dirty little grafting human skunks who have done everything they could to injure me since my release from prison I hold nothing but the deepest implacable contempt. I will expose them to the world at every opportunity. If this is a contradiction then I am proud of it.

Without placing any mysterious construction on the fact, I might mention here that time produces some wonderful results. Out of all those who openly opposed my release from prison, not one is alive to-day.

While in prison I met every class: from the boot-black to bank president, men charged with every crime in the category, about ten per cent of whom I think are innocent. Some of the most intelligent men I ever met were there, and some of the most honorable, in fact more honorable than some I have met since my release.

Take away the stigma of having been in prison and I would not take ten thousand dollars for what I learned there about humanity. There you see men put to the test. The strong survive, and the weak flounder around and perish. Those who have never been in prison cannot realize the suffering it entails. While I personally was treated well by all officers and prisoners, yet think of the sleepless nights, the wild dreams of liberty, the visions of some stricken relative or your mother walking through the open gates up to your cell door with your pardon in her hand—all to fade away in empty air. This is the punishment.

Of course I realize that some will say, "Oh, that's just sentiment." But did they ever stop to think that sentiment rules the world? Without it we would have had no Christianity, no civilization, no law. Sentiment is the birth of all things desired. I have been asked many times what causes crime, but as crime comes under so many different heads, it is hard to answer.

However, my answer is that ignorance is the commence - ment of all sin and crime and until we reach that degree of intelligence in which all men at the earliest possible moment will know the cause and consequences of crime, we will have it with us in all its present-day vigor. To eliminate it seems impossible so long as man makes laws and sits in judgment on his brother. But to reduce it to its minimum can be done by our government taking over the entire school system and having education universal and compulsory. It would give at least every child an even start in life. The government practices this among the Indians with beneficial results. This, of course, would be in the interest of our youthful citizens, but the wise statesman legislates in the interest of posterity.

It should never be a question of days or years in prison. The question should be, what will the prisoner do if released?

★ ★ ★

To Be Concluded In Our Next Issue

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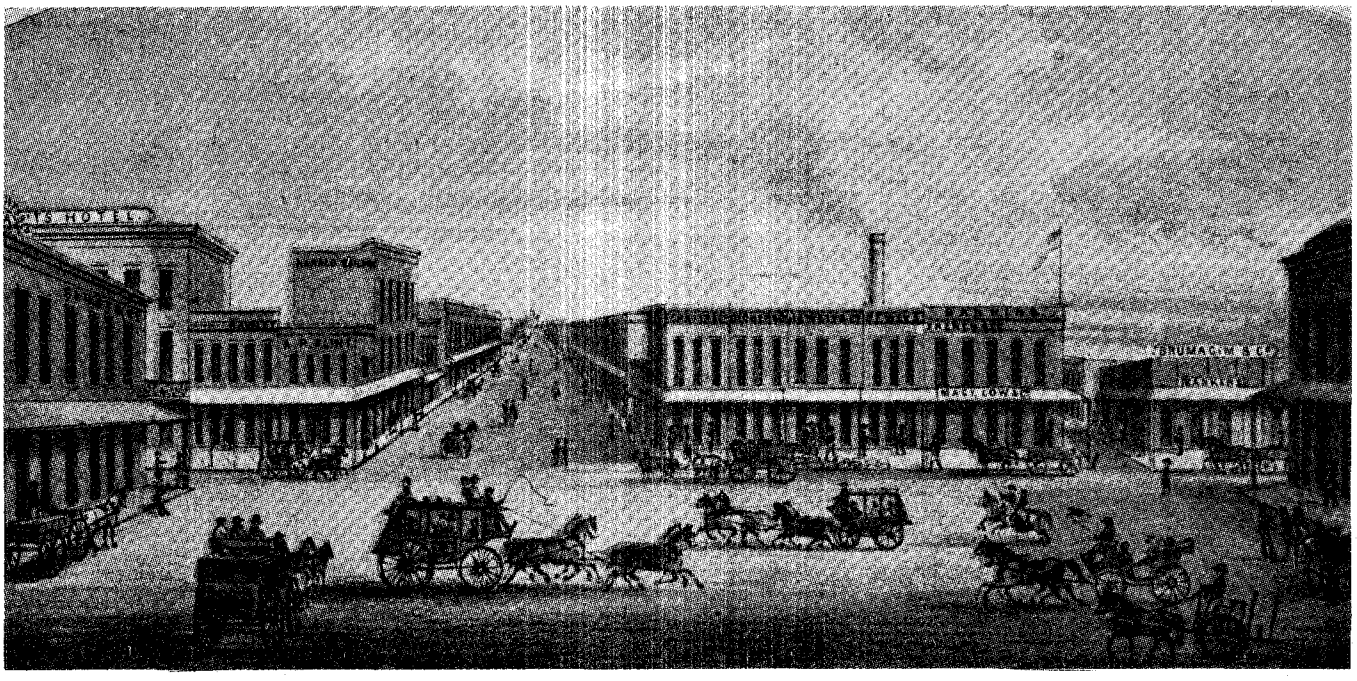
"THE PIED PIPER OF MARYSVILLE!"

By Clarence M. Fisk



Bancroft Library, University of California

Marysville, California in the 1880's. In 1849 the town was duped by a miner with a story of a "gold lake". While they waited for the snows to clear the mountains he was wined and dined like a visiting foreign prince.

He came from out of nowhere having crossed the mountains in 1849 leading his dead partner's saddled horse. He told the townspeople of Marysville such an incredible story that it shook the bustling California community to its foundations. It was late fall when this man named Stoddard told his listeners that he and his companion had become lost and stumbled upon a small lake whose shores were lined with small gold nuggets. But better yet there was larger chunks of the precious gold, even slabs of the same material shining through the clear water.

When they started to investigate more closely a small band of hostile redskins killed his partner with deadly arrows. Stoddard fought them fiercely until his ammunition was exhausted, then grabbed his friend's stallion and escaped. He offered to lead any or all citizens who would follow him to this great bonanza in the spring.

All through the cold winter the stories about this gold grew and kept growing with all kinds of embellishments. A Sacramento newspaper gave out the news that Marysville was overcome with great excitement by "a report that mines, exceeding in richness the wildest dreams of the visionary, have been discovered a considerable distance to the northeast, between the Feather and Yuba, where a lake had been found to which the name 'Gold Lake' was given it." Another news issuance gave the information that a vein of quartz was found "where the pure ore was observed in threads and spangles beautiful to look upon."

Such was the excitement and anticipation of huge riches in the social circles of Marysville that Stoddard was wined and dined like some visiting foreign prince. Throughout it all he never lacked for new friends or ready listeners. News from Sacramento via their newspaper kept the gold pot boiling with "We are informed by a gentleman from Marysville that it is currently reported there that the Indians upon this lake use gold for the commonest purpose - that they have a crude way of knocking out square blocks which they use ror seats and couches. Another man reported that he had found a lake whose shores of gold could be scraped up by the pound. An old man near Marysville told of packing mules with 300 pounds of gold each, and having to lighten loads by sorting over the big chunks to throw away."

When Stoddard was finally ready for the important trek to Gold Lake there was a hurried stampede by most of the town to get in line and a large train was formed of wagons, horses, and mules that would be needed to transport the heavy and precious metal in large amounts back to Marysville.

With high hopes and in high spirits the people, men, women, and children followed where Stoddard led them, but their leader seemed to become more confused as to the right direction to take as they got farther away from town. After exploring one lake after another with no positive results or glittering sights of free gold, Stoddard was finally forced to admit that he could not find the way to the promised land of plenty. Angry hot-heads of the party, bitterly disappointed, wanted to hang Stoddard to the nearest tree, but cooler heads prevailed saying the man might have developed amnesia on the way or that it might have been a brain fever deception right from the beginning. Who then could live with their conscience if they killed a crazy man? Was Stoddard indeed deranged or had he duped the town for a winter's high living??

●RW

Reference Source:
"History of the Sierra Nevadas" by Francis Farquhar, Los Angeles 1965, and others.

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JAMES BOYS

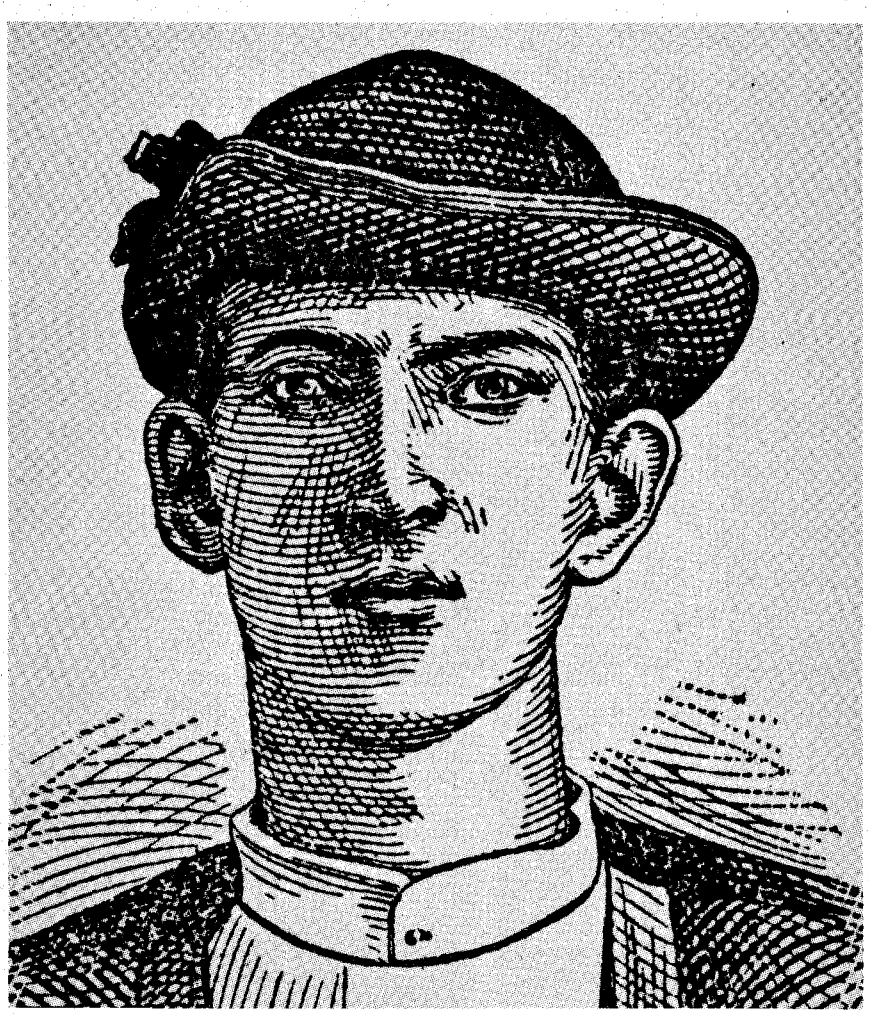
(continued from page 43)

Frank James had asked Jesse to advise Ryan to leave the area for he feared his drinking would get them all into trouble. Jesse, however, took the attitude that Frank did not like the man because Jesse had "taken him under his wing."

On March 16, 1881 Ryan rode pell-mell into White's Creek and stopped in front of the general store operated by J. Maddox. Loudly he stomped into the saloon section of the store and demanded to be served the best liquor in the house, declaring that he could and would pay for what he drank. Naturally a bottle of "the best" was placed before Ryan, as he scattered gold coins on the bar. In several hours he was very much intoxicated. He began to boast as to his identity and created a general disturbance. The efforts of Maddox to quiet him were unsuccessful; the owner, W. L. Earthman, was also unable to cope with him. Bill Ryan shouted, "Don't you know who I am? I am an outlaw, rip-snortin' Tom Hill, that's me." Surprising enough, he had sense enough to give his alias.

It so happened that an ex-detective was on the street outside; a messenger sped to him and the detective entered the saloon, as did a burly Negro blacksmith, whose shop was next door. Ryan was quickly subdued, and after searching him they found two revolvers and a buckskin vest containing $1300 in gold. He told the officials that he had accumulated the money from "honest labor".

Though there was no clue as to his identity, the money on his person, plus his boast of being an outlaw, resulted in "Tom Hill" being turned over to the Nashville police. He was "mugged" and his photograph was sent to the principal cities of the country. The police at Kansas City suspected that Tom Hill might be Bill Ryan, a much-wanted member of the James gang, and William H. Wallace, newly elected prosecuting attorney, identified the picture.



Carl W. Breihan collection

Frank James as he appeared during his Civil War days.

Whiskey - Head Ryan was brought to Independence, Missouri, and on October 15, 1881, he was convicted by jury for his part in the Glendale train robbery. He received a twenty-five-year sentence and entered the gates of the prison at Jefferson City on October 16, as prisoner No. 2677. Governor Moorehouse believed Ryan's story that he was suffering from consumption and had not long to live, so on January 4, 1889, he pardoned the robber. He didn't have consumption, but he certainly did not live long after leaving prison. He began hitting the bottle again. During one of his sprees he galloped under a tree, struck a low-hanging limb, and fractured his skull.

What would happen to the Jameses in Tennessee now that Ryan was in the hands of the police? Shortly after Ryan's arrest Mr. Woodson rode the short distance over to Mr. Howard's farm to see about a "mule." Their main concern. . . would Ryan talk?

The James boys could take no chances, even if Ryan did not divulge their presence in Tennessee, the detectives might guess it since Ryan was arrested there. They would have to send their wives and children into safe seclusion and then hit the outlaw trail again. The morning after Ryan's arrest Jesse and Frank James met at a pre-arranged place near Nashville. There they shook hands, and then the two rode off in opposite directions.

Time was running out on Jesse, but before this happened two more exciting robberies occurred. One was the holdup of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific train on July 15, 1881, wherein the conductor of the train and an employee were killed. The last daring robbery placed on the doorstep of the Jameses was the bold robbery of the Chicago and Alton train near Blue Cut, Missouri on Sep-

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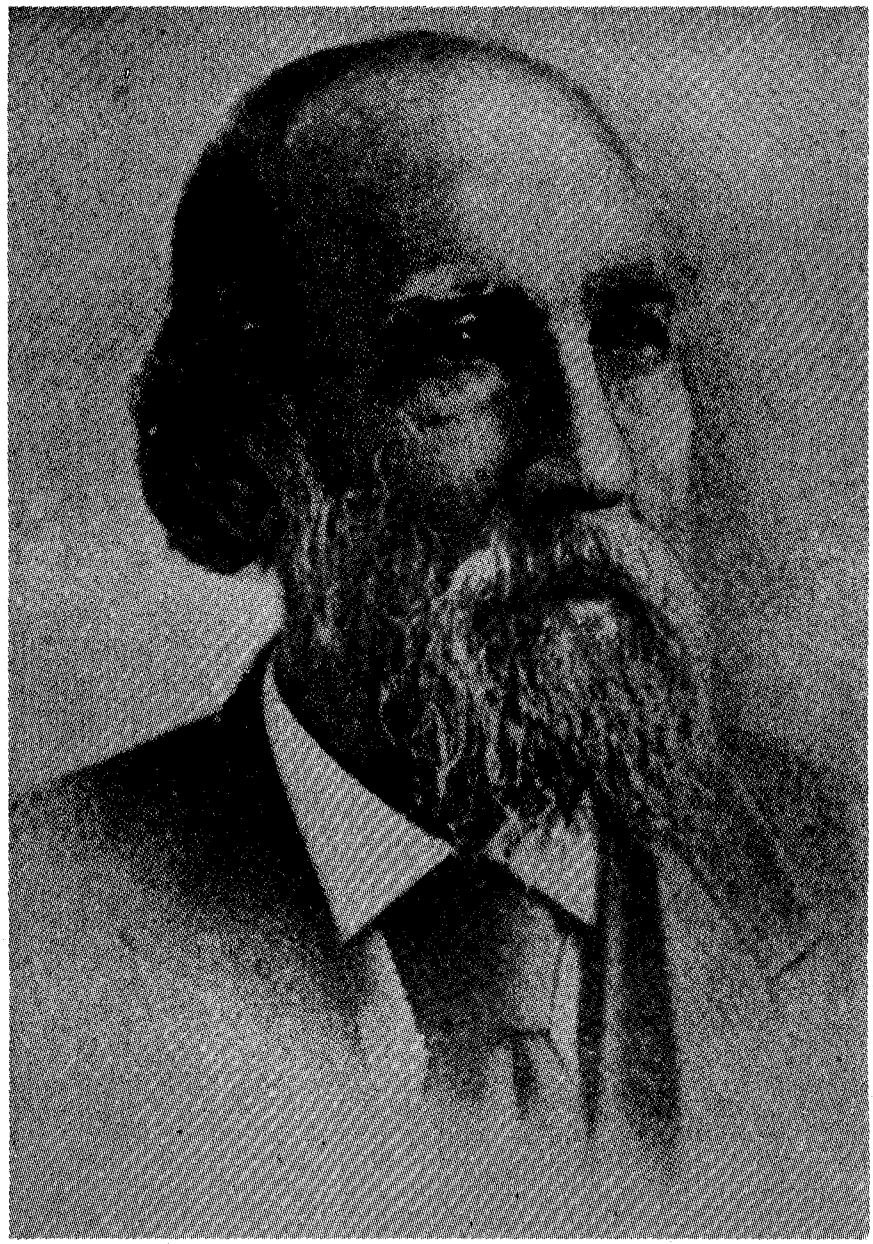
tember 7, 1881.

The Blue Cut affair was the last for Jesse. Things began to happen fast after that; Bob Ford had killed Wood Hite and was anxious to see Jesse out of the way because he feared retaliation for having killed Wood. Jesse was now living in St. Joe, Missouri, with Bob and Charlie Ford likely prospects for his gang. However, Bob Ford was in secret collusion with Governor T. T. Crittenden of Missouri and Sheriff Timberlake of Clay County and Police-Commissioner Craig of Kansas City to betray Jesse James. The end came on April 3, 1882 when Bob Ford fired the fatal shot which ended the earthly career of the noted outlaw Jesse James.

What would Frank do? Would he avenge the death of his brother? The death of Jesse James, accompanied by the treachery of several gang members, unnerved Frank James to such an extent that he at once considered surrendering to Governor Crittenden, with the understanding that he would be granted a fair trial for alleged crimes. On Thursday evening, October 5, Frank James quietly walked up the steps of the capitol building, accompanied by Major Edwards. There he relinquished his weapons to Governor Crittenden and placed himself in the hands of the authorities. It was decided by the prosecution to try Frank for the murder of Cashier Sheets during the Gallatin bank robbery, for they felt this was their strongest case against him, other than the Winston train robbery for which he would also be tried. Colonel A. H. Powell of Lees Summit and Bob Hudspeth of Jackson County posted $100,000 bond to assure the authorities that Frank "would not skip the country."

At noon on September 6, 1883, Prosecutor Wallace completed the state's argument with a speech which would have done credit to any orator. The courtroom (Gallatin Opera House) fairly trembled with applause after Mr. Wallace's speech but quickly hushed as the bailiffs were directed to administer the oath to the jurors.

It was nearly four o'clock when the bailiff was notified that the jury had reached a verdict. The courtroom was breathless as Foreman of the Jury William T. Richardson read: "State of Missouri vs Frank James--murder. We, the jury in the above entitled, find the defendant NOT GUILTY as charged in the indictment."



M. Brady photo

LeRoy P. Walker, one of the attorneys who defended Frank James at his trial for the Muscle Shoals robbery. Walker had been the Confederacy's first Secretary of War and he made much of the fact that Frank James was a Confederate Veteran.

But six hundred miles away, there was an old score to settle . . .Alabama had not forgotten the Muscle Shoals matter. Although freed in Missouri, Frank James was refused bail by United States Judge Judy Krekel and in February, 1884 the unhappy bandit was hustled aboard a train and under guard taken to Huntsville, Alabama.

After languishing in the custody of the Madison County authorities for two months, Frank James finally heard the indictment against him brought before the United States Circuit Court. On April 17, he heard the testimony of some twenty government witnesses who recalled seeing three mysterious horsemen in the area in 1881. Yet, most of them were not too sure about their testimony of "recalled" description of the men, after all, three years had elapsed since the robbery.

Paymaster Smith was a witness. He expounded, with thea-

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trical gestures, as to how he was held up by three men and forced to ride twenty miles with them before they turned him loose. He dwelled at length on the subject of his faithful service to the government, and how he owed his life to the one robber who refused to allow a companion to shoot him. But when Judge Harry Bruce pointedly asked Smith if he could identify Frank James as one of the men, Smith replied that he was "not positive."

District Attorney Day then produced his star witness. . . . James Andrew (Dick) Liddil, one-time member of the James gang, and who had promised Governor Crittenden to turn state's evidence against Jesse James if such a time ever occurred. Liddil droned from the witness stand that he had followed Jesse and Frank and Bill Ryan from Missouri to Nashville, and had actually overheard them plotting the Alabama holdup. He also said that he later heard Frank and Jesse declare that they and Ryan had pulled the job.

Liddil's evidence against Frank James, wholly circumstantial, made a bad impression on the jury, and as one reporter put it, "they probably will give little credit to his testimony."

Called next to the stand were Frank Silas Norris and his daughter, Mrs. Robert Woodson Hite, both of whom testified that Frank James and Dick Liddil had spent several days in the Hite residence at Adairsville, Kentucky in March of 1881. It seemed like all the witnesses had a poor memory for none mentioned the shooting of Wood Hite at the Bolton home near Richmond, Missouri in December of 1881. Seven or eight witnesses who followed Mrs. Hite identified Frank James as one of the three men they had seen in the Muscle Shoals area three years before.

Frank James did not lack expert legal council. He had cleverly engaged four of the South's most competent lawyers, men eminently respected throughout North Alabama and South Tennessee. . .General Leroy Pope Walker, esteemed Confederate military hero and first Confederate Secretary of War, Richard Walker, R. B. Sloan and James W. Newman. Upon their advice Mrs. Annie Ralston James, Frank's beautiful wife, and their well-mannered six-year-old son, Robert, had been brought from Missouri to the trial.

Attorney Richard Walker began the defense by shattering the district attorney's evidence. He paraded six witnesses before the court, each swearing that on March 11, 1881, he had seen Frank James walking the streets of Nashville, Tennessee. Attorney James W. Newman, recalling Dick Liddil to the stand, had the man admit that he had been brought to Alabama from Missouri to testify against his former friend "under agreement" with Missouri authorities that their influence would be used to relieve him of all offenses charged against him. Attorney R. B. Sloan came next, pointing an accusing finger at Liddil and stating he was a thief and a robber: Liddil admitting several indictments were still pending against him.

At three o'clock, before a packed courtroom, the distinguished General Walker rose calmly and quietly to defend his humble client, former soldier in the Army of the Confederacy. His strategy was now evident. . . . the general knew personally most of the jurors; also knew they were all ex-Confederate soldiers, remembering him best as a general in the field rather than an attorney. He also knew their love and devotion for the "Lost Cause."

General Walker casually leaned upon the jury-box railing, reminding the twelve men seated there that he was proud to defend Frank James, not only because he once was a Confederate, but also a man who would come to the aid of a friend or a cause in the hour of need. He extolled the bravery and courage Frank displayed at the Battle of Springfield in 1861 and of his subsequent capture by the Federals: of his release and of his services with Quantrill. In low, whispered tones the general electrified the hushed courtroom with cruel details of how Yankees of the Missouri Enrolled Militia had come to the James home, humiliated Mrs. Samuel (James), whipped young Jesse with ropes, and hanged his stepfather, Dr. Samuel, until he was nearly dead. Although some years out of time (1875) the general also gave a horrifying version of how the Pinkertons bombed the James home at Kearney, crippling Frank's mother and killing his half-brother.

At six o'clock in the evening on Friday, April 18, 1884, Judge Harry Bruce gave the jury a clear, fair and impartial charge and the twelve Confederate veterans filed out of the room, one after the other, slowly and solemnly. Almost immediately they returned with a NOT GUILTY decision. Judge Bruce rapped his gavel and said, "The defendant is discharged."

Instantly, the crowd loudly applauded and shouts rang out through the courtroom and down the hallways. Frank James gratefully shook General Walker's hand, while admirers patted him on the back and Huntsville ladies gathered sympathetically around Mrs. James and little Robert.

As Frank James left the courtroom he was re-arrested by Sheriff Frank Rogers of Boonville, Cooper County, Missouri, hustled aboard a train and brought back to his home state, once more a prisoner. But the powerful pendulum of public opinion swung to the support of the noted bandit. Why another trial? Why more state expense wasted? Hadn't Frank James stood enough for alleged crimes after the war? Seven prominent Missourians signed Frank's bond and the Boonville indictment yellowed on the record books. In 1885 it was officially forgotten and the famous bandit became a full-fledged citizen and a free man. Minnesota, too, forgot her indictments against Frank for his supposed participation in the Northfield raid. What could they prove? **●RW**

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Huntsville, Alabama *Independent*
Author's personal contact with members of the James family.
Nashville *Banner*

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SPURS

(continued from page 34)

all the plains Indians were on horseback as far north as the Dakotas, largely through the trading activities of the far-ranging Comanches. Quirts rapidly became standard equipment and only Apaches are reported to have worn spurs and colorful serapes customarily taken from Mexican victims.

At the other end of the Americas a primitive tribe of Tehuelche Indians in the Patagonia area of southern Argentina had earlier developed crude double-pointed prick goads made of wood and tied to bare feet with leather thongs (see fig. 8).

Pizarro's conquest of Peru and the subsequent Spanish subjugation of South America had likewise introduced the conquistador spur to that area. As in Mexico, this set the pattern of their prods for many years. However, spurs used in Central America, where the conquest had touched only lightly, were more simple and utilitarian.

Meanwhile English, French and German spurs had become small-rowelled and utilitarian again after the Age of Chivarly, and it was these types which were imported or copied by our own eastern horsemen. Occasionally even a whip spur was used, reviving the ancient *scorpio* of Roman times.

Since the U.S. Cavalry had been born on the eastern seaboard back during the American Revolution, its customs, traditions and equipment were set by those easterners, who in turn had been greatly influenced by northern Europe. It's said that General George Washington, although a great fancier of horses himself, did not appreciate the value of the cavalry as a military force until "Light Horse" Harry Lee and Francis "Swamp Fox" Marion proved the horse's real worth in the latter part of the war. Consequently, standard cavalry spurs, even during the winning of the West, were small light goads with short shanks and small rowels, usually 5/8ths to 3/4ths inches in size.

Courtesy of Heard Museum, Phoenix, Arizona

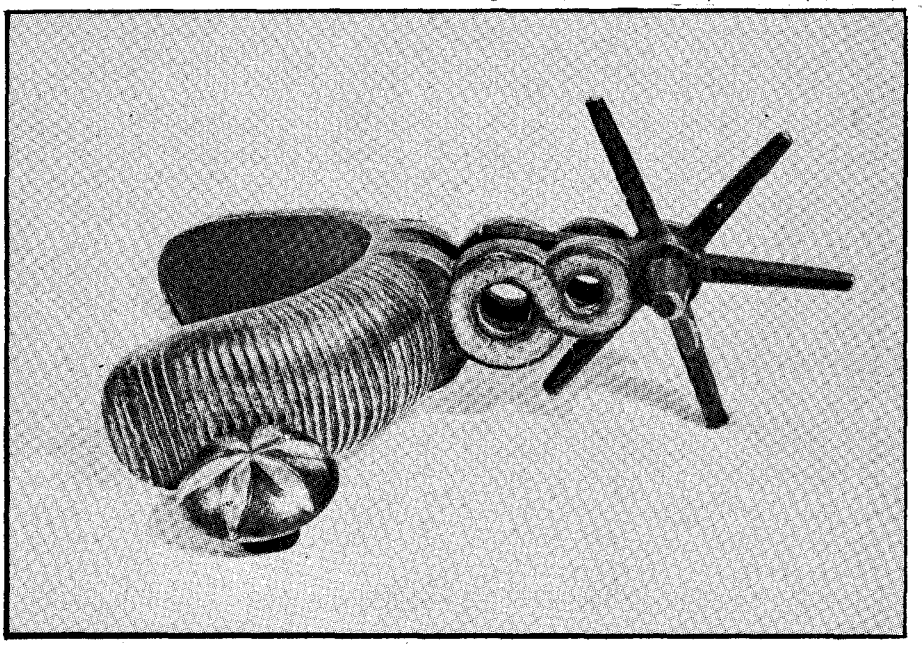
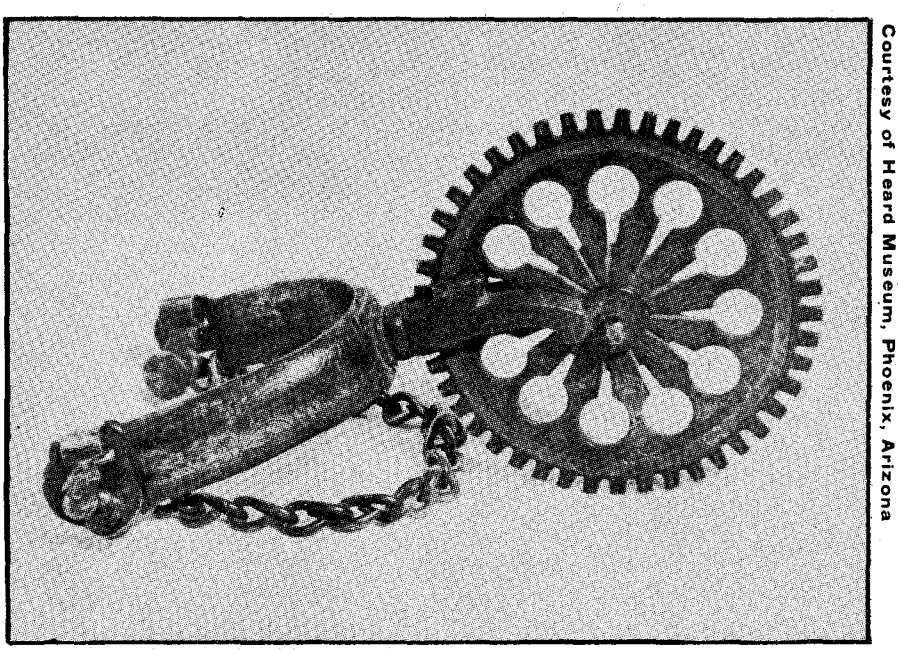


Fig. 7. Silver wire was laid on in rows across the heavy heelband of this style, which was worn in many regions of Latin America after the conquest. Also the strap button was inlaid and the shank plated with silver.

Many troopers did provide their own spurs, according to choice and availability up until the mid-1800's. Some adopted the large Spanish style spurs, particularly after the Mexican War ended in 1848, but the small cavalry spur retained its preeminence among most troopers. In the early 1900's the rowel was removed so that desk-riding cavalrymen wouldn't scar up the furniture! (See fig. #1). Finally, even this style became a collector's item when the U.S. Cavalry was disbanded in 1942.

So spurs have undergone many changes in form and style through the years, sometimes for utility, more often to please the preferences of the users.

One memorable design before the turn of this century was the "Gal-Leg" spur, so named because both shank and heelband were formed in the shape of comely legs such as a cowboy would have found on a lively dance hall girl. A matching bit was usually made to go with



Courtesy of Heard Museum, Phoenix, Arizona

Fig. 6. Humane societies should have approved this old timer because the ostentatious rowel was surely easy on the horse. Note the swinging strap buttons and instep chain.

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Courtesy of Bill Porter's Saddle Shop, Phoenix, Arizona

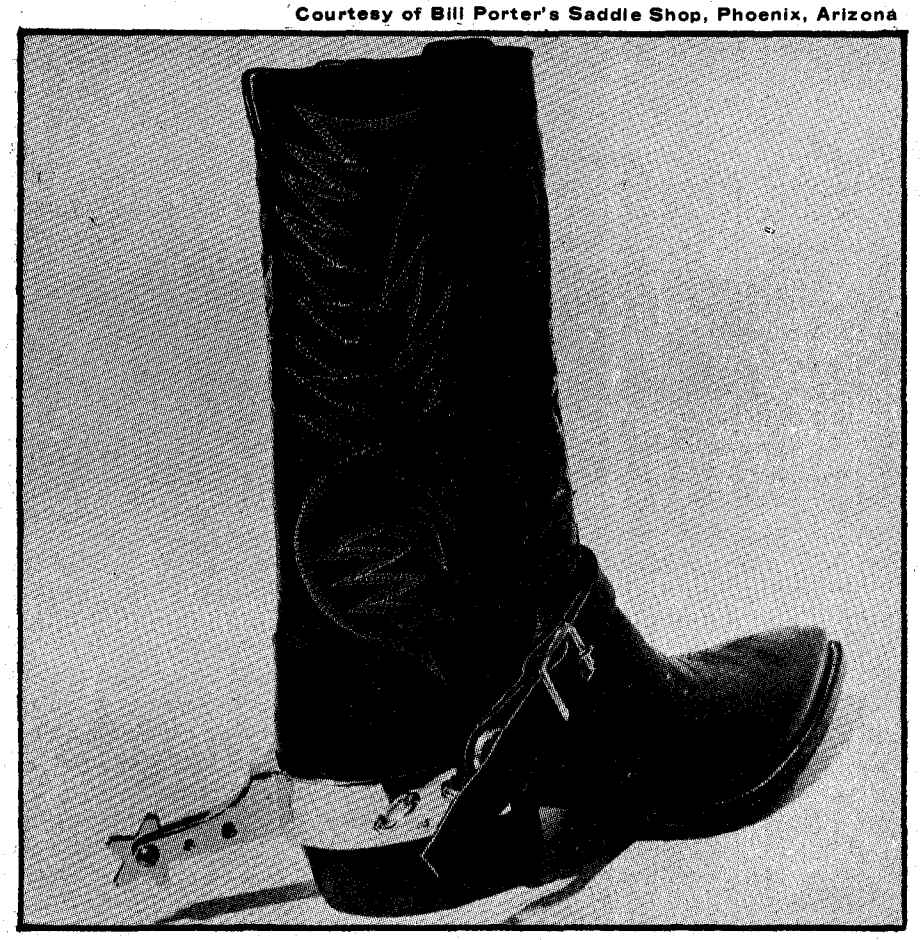
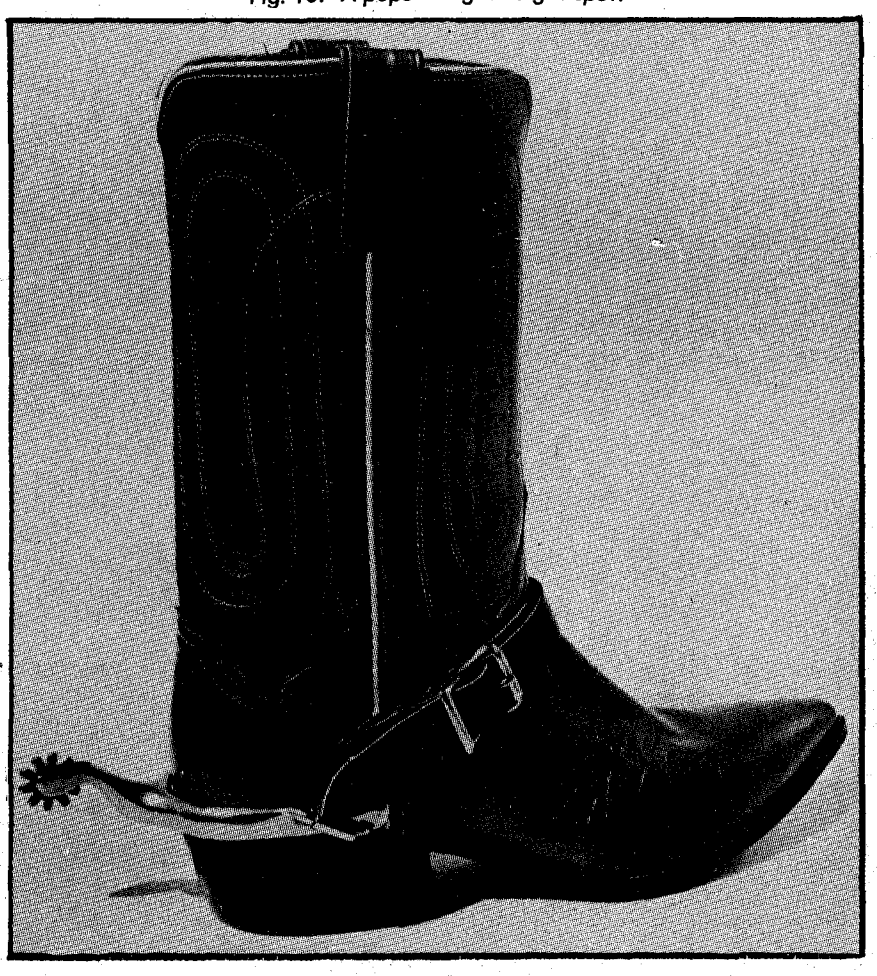


Fig. 10. A popular lightweight spur.



Courtesy of Bill Porter's Saddle Shop, Phoenix, Arizona

Fig. 12. Contemporary Bronc and Bull Riders' spurs.

these spurs.

Another unique pattern was the "Pistol Packin' Mama", in which the shank was a miniature six-shooter with a star or spokes fixed to the barrel end.

Rowels have further decreased in size through recent years (see fig. 9 and 10), and stainless steel, aluminum and other materials have been introduced. But changes are now relatively minor and still dictated by need and individual choice.

The clip-on spur (see fig. 11) slips easily on to a dress boot for a horse show, then off again when the rider has stepped down after receiving his laurels.

Bull doggers and bronc busters sometimes want spurs designed with the shank set off at a slight angle to facilitate spurring the critters (see fig. 12).

No matter how many patches there may be on his jeans, our present-day cowboy is still pretty finicky about his "gut-hooks". He may go to great lengths to rub the "new" look off of them so he won't be mistaken for a tenderfoot, but he'd sooner be caught without his pants on than without those spurs! ●RW

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SAMUEL PEPPARD

(continued from page 27)

as he saw the crowd. A comely bachelor of 27, a man of many devices who could turn his hand to anything in a pinch, he was now in danger of becoming the village fool if he failed again.

The crew climbed aboard. With Sam at the tiller, Steve Randall manned the short sail. J. B. Forbes was extra ballast, steward and commissary of the crew. Gid Coldron handled the brake.

Six hundred miles of churning grass waves lay ahead. There would be darkness, fatigue, sunburn and the skulking Commanche fitting an arrow to his bowstring. But it would be matchless adventure, and the young men were eager to sail.

Sam grasped the tiller and payed out the sail slowly. A cheer went up as the clipper began to move. The crowd moved back. Canvas billowing gracefully in the breeze, the prairie craft veered and tacked at Sam's touch, skimmed over the grassy waves and disappeared in that immensity of space that defeats the eye.

"He won't git past the Delaware River," Old Jed Mercer predicted, and started taking bets from his whittling cronies.

By nightfall Peppard's Folly had crossed the Delaware and traveled eighty miles across the plain, accomplishing the equivalent of five days horse travel or eight days with an ox-team.

With weariness born of excitement, the crew fell into a deep sleep, hoping for cooler days to follow. Their only discomfort of the first day had been the blistering wind, at once friend and foe, pushing sails and searing their skin.

Even on that wide expanse of prairie, the little craft had a traffic problem! One evening Sam wrote in his journal:

> "Our best time has been two miles in four minutes. We could not go faster as it would heat the boxing. Today we went fifty miles in three hours, and in so doing passed 625 teams."

This flow of gold seekers was spurred by Horace Greeley, New York Tribune Editor, who visited the "Kansas gold fields". The Rocky Mountain region was a part of Kansas Territory at the time. Denver, a village of 1,000 miners, had been named for J. W. Denver, Territorial Governor of Kansas.

Miners had "salted" a mine for Greeley, and his glowing report of the rich deposits had started a new swarm westward. While Sam and his sailors felt safer near the wagon trains, it was not all smooth sailing. Teams bolted, drivers swore as they shook fists at the devilish contraption flying past them, and they took fierce ribbing when ox-goading teamsters came upon them stranded in dead calm beside the trail.

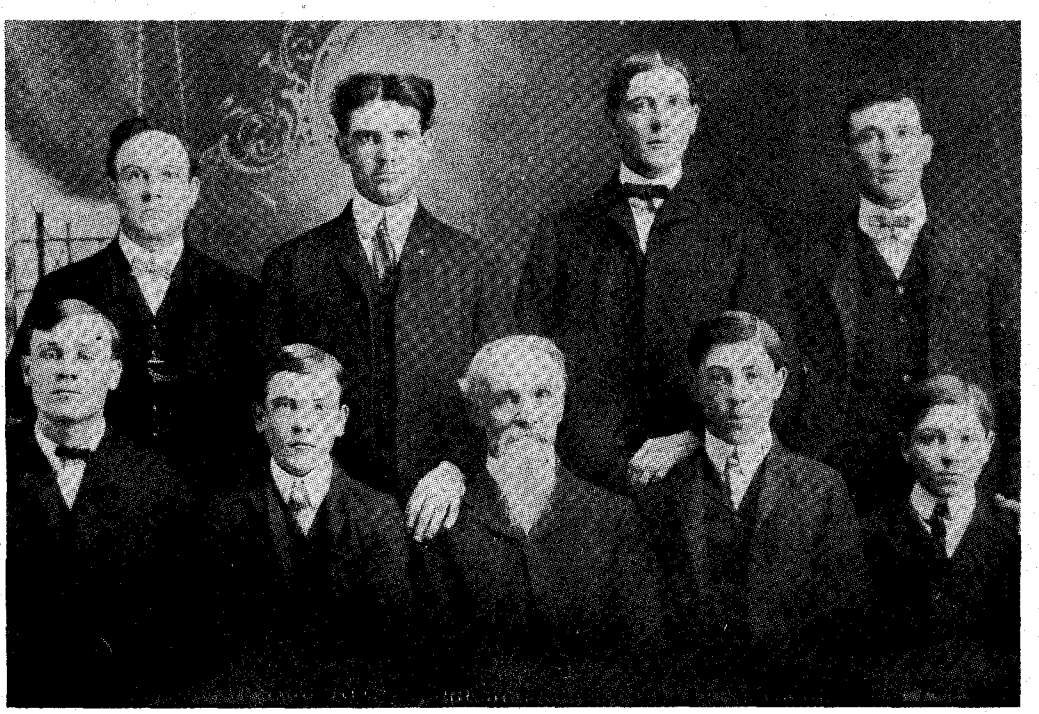
These periods of calm were most trying for the sailors, who were sometimes trapped in a vacuum of sky and prairie. This was the wild west of Kit Carson, roving Indians, buffalo herds and packs of hungry wolves.

Becalmed on the prairie, the men lolled about camp, arguing about slavery that was about to split the nation in Civil War; hunted rabbits for supper; took potshots at a lone wolf scouting their camp; tried to catch a prairie dog, or collected buffalo chips for firewood.

Sam often made notes in his journal or wrote letters to send back east on the next mail-stage they met along the route that had started between Leavenworth, Kansas, and the mining settlements in 1859.

"If we make ninety miles a day," Sam recorded in his journal, "that is good traveling. While we reach thirty miles an hour at intervals, our average rate is about fifteen miles an hour, a day's trip for a conestoga team."

Plains Indians knew about wa-



Peppard family album

Samuel Peppard was the proud father of 13 children. Here he is pictured with eight of his sons. Top: Bert, Ray, Guy and Will, the oldest. Bottom: Carl, Dean, Samuel Peppard, Gene and Sammy, the youngest. Gene and Dean were twins.

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gons. They had attacked conestogas on the Oregon Trail, schooners of the '49ers, and freighters to Santa Fe.

But they were not prepared for the sight of a horseless vehicle with sails skimming over the tall grass at the impossible speed of thirty miles an hour. Their reaction to this gave Sam one of his most exciting moments.

Traveling about 12 miles an hour near noon one day, the men saw a dust cloud on the far horizon. Dust devils were common, but usually harmless, so they stopped for lunch. They were about to start again, when they realized the dust was being kicked up by a band of Indian horsemen.

Before they had left off the brake and spread sails, the braves were about a mile away, and the race was on! Sam said later he really wasn't frightened because he knew he could outrun them.

As the Indians drew near, they slackened speed and advanced cautiously, as though suspicious. This gave Sam time to pay out sail slowly, but a new crisis developed when a chain snapped, rendering the brake useless.

It would be madness to allow the braves to catch them. They might lose their scalps, or at least all their provisions. With daring born of necessity, Sam called to his men to follow as he leaped to the ground and grabbed a wheel. With a man on each wheel, the light craft stopped quickly, and Sam reached for his chain-repair kit which he kept handy. His trembling hands worked swiftly, but by the time they were moving again, the Redskins were upon them.

The horsemen halted momentarily to stare, and Sam shot off at 20 miles an hour. The mustangs went into a canter. "I now realized the braves were not drunk, as I feared, and the race was for rivalry, not plunder." Sam wrote in his journal that night. "Never have I seen such horsemanship!"

Whooping and hollering to cheer their comrade on, the others slacked off as a brave on a little gray mare strained to outrun the wagon. Leaning over his mare's neck, he coaxed and patted her, urging her to catch the white man. The mare was swift, but the wind was faster, and Sam had to reef sail to keep from being lifted into the air.

Seeing this, the brave drew near and exclaimed, "Ugh, Redman ride horse, white man fly on wings of wind!"

The Indians dropped back, and Sam quickly disappeared over the ridge. Perhaps it was this band of Indians and their descendants who have kept alive a legend of a vehicle seen on the prairie, like any wagon, but moving without horse or oxen to draw it and carrying a white flag tall as a tipi.

The men were on the road four weeks, but traveled only nine days. They had no serious trouble. Sunburn, straining to pull the wagon across a stubborn gully, or waiting for wind was the worst of their problems. They were awed by dry weather lightning, the incredible sunsets, and the herds of graceful antelope.

Now on the ninth day of traveling, with less than 80 miles to go, they were exuberant. They strained for a first glimpse of the mountains, and speculated on the reception they might receive.

At first they thought it was just another dust devil. Sam soon sensed more danger than usual and began to reef sail, calling his crew to alert. The savage, brutal wind came upon them like Commanche Redskins on the warpath.

As Sam grabbed a rope to pull sail, it caught in a pully and snapped, leaving the craft to the mercy of a malevolent tempest. A gust caught the full sail, lifted the wagon twenty feet into the air and hurled it to the ground. The back wheels were bashed into splinters, and men and provisions slid out like a load from a dump truck.

Sam reeled to his feet and began checking his crew. None had serious wounds, and all could move under their own power. Appraising the damage, Sam said, "The front wheels are sound, bring me the scraps." And he began making a push-cart to carry their provisions.

Soon a wagon train overtook them. The three crewmen, vowing to take the next stage back to Kansas, hitched rides to Denver, fifty miles away.

Sam made his way to Cripple Creek, where he worked a silver mine, with moderate success, for a time. In 1862, after the Civil War had started, he joined the Colorado Union Volunteers, 2nd Cavalry, Company C. With the rank of Sergeant, he served as scout and recruiting officer for more than three years.

His enlistment over, he worked to perfect a friction clutch which he sold to the Union Pacific Railway Company. It is still being used. He went back to Oskaloosa, and at the age of 35, married Alice Clark, granddaughter of a wealthy Jewish Milwaukee merchant. He built a large home and operated a sawmill. As a "riding sheriff" he won the affectionate title of "Uncle Sam." He died in 1916.

The Peppards had 13 children, one of whom survives. Eugene, now 83 years old, lives at Canyon, Texas. He remembers his father as a kind, serious-minded man who made fine furniture and delicious corn meal, and never talked about the windwagon until he was asked.

Oskaloosa citizens are reconstructing a pioneer town, and it will have a replica of Sam's wagon, built by his grandson. Engineers have put a dam on the Delaware River and made 25,000-acre Lake Perry, which extends 20 miles up the river valley.

Meadow larks whirl over Sam's grave on that prairie rise north of town, where the sail wagon was launched, but the spirit of the Navigator of the Prairies sails again every time his descendants spread sails for a regatta on Lake Perry. ●RW

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FIRST WOMAN IMMIGRANT

(continued from page 21)

McKenzie and his men who had made it a month earlier.

Pierre Dorion and his family were to remain at Astoria for the greater part of a year. Undoubtedly, they accompanied scouting and trapping parties into the Willamette Valley. It was on one of these trips that McKenzie discovered the river, now famous for its white water and fishing, which bears his name.

The treeless section of the valley, known as French Prairie, 14 miles north of Salem, was familiar to them. Its name came from the Frenchmen who settled there upon retiring as trappers and fur traders of the Hudson's Bay post at Vancouver. Here, Marie, too was to make her home and at last find serenity and contentment.

Astor's vision of capturing much of the lucrative hunting and trapping from the British did not materialize. A series of events beyond his control doomed the enterprise to failure. Two of the three ships sent out with supplies met with disaster. The Tonquin was boarded by hostile Indians who killed most of the crew. The remaining crew members and the Indians were killed when the powder magazine ignited and blew up the ship. The Lark was severely damaged in a storm at sea and did not reach the new post. Only the Beaver escaped destruction.

But it was the outbreak of the War of 1812 which spelled the end of the Pacific Fur Company. On December 12, 1813 the American flag over Fort Astoria was hauled down and up went the Union Jack. The post was renamed Fort George.

Thomas Jefferson's dream of establishing an American colony in the West seemed bleak indeed. Was the Lewis and Clark expedition which his vision and foresight had sent out to explore and plant the stars and stripes on the Pacific shore to prove in vain? He had enthusiastically written Astor that his plans would reinforce Jefferson's desire that "the whole length of that coast will be covered with free and independent Americans."

Fortunately, the peace treaty after the War of 1812 provided that Astoria with adjacent country would revert to the United States. And in 1815 Congress passed a law prohibiting all traffic of British traders within territories of the United States.

When news of the War with England filtered in to the colony at Astoria, a party which included the Dorions, under the direction of John Reed, decided to return East. They would spend the fall and winter months in the Snake River country building posts and trapping.

The misadventures of that undertaking were to test Marie Dorion's endurance and will to survive to the utmost.

Reed established winter headquarters on the Boise River from where trapping parties were sent out. One post was built near the present town of Vale, Oregon and another was located near the confluence of the Boise with the Snake River. At the Reed headquarters, Marie made herself indispensable cooking, preparing skins, and busying herself about the camp.

Pierre was included in a small party sent out to trap near the Vale post. Shortly after his departure a friendly Indian confided in Marie that the post had been burned by the Dog Rib tribe who were on the war path. Without hesitation she bundled herself and her children as warmly as possible, mounted her horse, and set out to warn her husband.

Before reaching him, she came upon LeClerc, one of the trappers, seriously wounded. He told her he was the only survivor; the others had been massacred. She cared for him as best she could, but he was soon to die.

She pondered her next move. To return and notify Reed of the danger seemed the only course to pursue. Without food, trudging through the snow and leading the horse upon which her children rode, she arrived back at the camp on the second day.

To her horror she found that Reed and his men had been murdered by the Indians in her absence. She dared not enter the cabin for fear that there were still hostile Indians lurking about. She took to the woods and with her children passed the night without food or fire.

Since food was an absolute necessity, the next night she ventured to the cabin and found plenty of dried fish. With an armload she returned to find her children nearly frozen. Build a fire she must even though it might reveal their hiding place. So, for the first time in three days, her children were fed and warmed.

The next night she again carried off a load of food from the cabin. With the food and the children securely mounted on the faithful horse, once more she set out on foot. She considered her situation hopeless, but determined to keep traveling as long as she was able. For nine days she wandered in a northwesterly direction through deep snow among woods, rocks, and rugged terrain.

Finally, neither she nor the horse were fit to travel. She selected a spot at the foot of a rocky precipice which gave some shelter from the wind. With horse hide robe, buffalo and deer skins, and branches, she built a hut and packed it well with snow. She killed the horse and smoked the meat. Here, she, her four and six-year old holed up for 53 lonely days.

With the arrival of less severe weather in March, she decided to leave her Blue Mountain hideout. The white snow all about her brought on snow blindness, and she had to pause for three days. After 15 days of travel with the scantiest of provisions, she found herself out of the mountains.

Was that smoke she saw in the distance? Too weak to carry her children farther, she wrapped them in a robe and concealed them as best she could. Crawling on her hands and knees toward the smoke in the distance, she reached the camp of friendly Walla Walla Indians. They treated her kindly and set off to find and bring back her children. Only pluck, grim de-

(continued on page 75)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. Do you know what the famous sign on an abandoned cabin on the prairie said? It ended with "Gone to live with wife's folks." D. Wilmer, Pueblo, Colorado.

A. We were lucky to find this one. The sign you refer to was placed on his abandoned cabin in the Texas Panhandle by a discouraged settler. It read: "250 miles to the nearest post office; 100 miles to wood; 20 miles to water; 6 inches to hell. God bless our home! Gone to live with wife's folks."

Q. Pioneer life as depicted by the moving pictures doesn't seem too bad. Was it, really? V. Blanchette, Bloomington, Ind.

A. I wouldn't go by the movies. Actually, from the accounts left by literate early settlers, it was a tough life. Corn meal, salt pork and sorghum were food staples. Snakes, mice and bedbugs flourished. So did cholera, smallpox, typhoid fever and diphtheria. Malaria was common to almost everyone. Childbirth was feared, doctors were scarce and, when available, were usually ill-trained and/or drunkards. Every day was back-breaking: making soap and candles, drawing water, feeding livestock, and always the loneliness. The seemingly endless space, the interminable silence broken only by the howling wind, drove many a pioneer wife to madness. Add to these the blizzards, prairie fires, tornadoes, and, in the early days, the Indians. I'd say it was a very tough life.

Q. What would be standard provisions taken when going to the frontier? A. Morrell, Madison, Wis.

A. Your question is rather obscure. You neglect to state the purpose of the expedition. Was it homesteading? Or hunting? Or prospecting? We did find a provision list which was actually prepared by four prospectors intending to stay out for six months. It was for 1,000 lbs. flour, 400 lbs. bacon, 4 gallons vinegar, 200 lbs. sugar, 150 lbs. beans, 2 gallons pickles, 100 lbs. dried beef, 50 lbs. salt, 2 doz. boxes matches, 50 lbs. coffee, 40 lbs. dried fruit, 1 coffee mill, 30 lbs. rice, 25 lbs. soap, 3 camp kettles, 10 lbs. pepper, 8 lbs. tea, 50 lbs. lead for bullets, 6 lbs. cream tarter, 3 lbs. soda, and 1,000 gun caps.

Q. Were there many Negro cowboys? K. Penton, Saratoga, Wyoming.

A. Yes, there were. Figures we have indicate that in the last third of the 19th century, of the 40,000 cowboys who drove the vast herds to market, approximately 5,000 were Negro.

Q. Didn't Horace Greeley travel across the country by stagecoach? M. Littmann, Peoria, Ill.

A. Not all the way across, and not all by stagecoach. Greeley's trip started at Manhattan, Kansas, in a light mule-drawn vehicle known as a "mud wagon". He changed to a private conveyance at Denver, then at Fort Laramie he boarded a stage coach. He then rode on stages to California.

Q. How much did it cost to travel by stage coach in the early days? F. Fielding, Minot, No. Dakota.

A. Here is what Wells, Fargo charged in 1867: Sacramento to Omaha - $236. Virginia City to Omaha - $275. Austin to Omaha - $225. Sacramento to Cheyenne - $250. Austin to Denver - $175. Salt Lake to Bannock, Montana - $120.

Q. How did the cowboy's life differ from that as shown in the moving pictures? L. Stewart, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

A. In actual life the cowboy rarely captured rustlers, or had middle of the road shoot-outs or romanced with dance hall queens. In reality it consisted of existing at lonely line camps, roping steers until his arm ached, dipping cattle in stinking liquids, branding them until the stench of burning hide and hair stuck to his clothes, cutting and de-horning until the same clothes were crusted with dried blood, risking his neck breaking disagreeable mustangs, and subsisting on usually indigestible food washed down with coffee usually brewed with stagnant water.

Q. What was the size of the force defending the Alamo? V. Kendal, Carson City, Nevada.

A. The accepted figure is about 180 men. However, they were not so weak as that figure would make you suppose. They possessed an artillery of 21 guns. Their "long rifle" could shoot accurately up to 200 yards as compared to the Mexicans smoothbore which was good only to 70 yards. Their marksmanship was far superior to that of the enemy. For artillery the Mexicans had only 8 to 10 guns.

Q. Could you tell me Sam Houston's parents' names and where he was born? G. Lane, Hinkley, Calif.

A. Sam Houston (1793-1863) was born in (or near) Lexington, Va. The family moved in 1806 to Tennessee, where Sam lived with the Cherokee Indians, later being adopted by them. His wife's name was Eliza Allen Houston. After his wife left him, Sam moved to Oklahoma to be with the Cherokees. Then, in 1833, he moved to Texas. This, it is hoped, is enough for you to establish a connection with the Houstons you know.

Q. On February 12, 1971, I sent you a query concerning a Nebraska pioneer who decided to have one daughter vaccinated for small pox and do the other four himself. M. Nordahl, Dunedin, Fla.

A. Despite extensive research in our available libraries, we must confess failure on this one. If you know the name of the town in Nebraska, your best bet would be to write to the local Historical Society. Failing that, correspond with the Nebraska State Historical Society. This is what could be classified as a "local" event, logically preserved in local records. ●RW

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KANSAS STATEHOOD

(continued from page 24)

gressman from Indiana, who had voted for the Kansas-Nebraska bill. Young Horace Tabor arrived from New England, looking for a good farm, and on his way, although he didn't know it, to the Colorado Rockies, where he would become, for awhile, one of the richest men in America.

William Quantrill was little more than a boy when he came to Kansas, and he was yet to make his name as one of the most bloodthirsty villains in Kansas history. A fighting newspaperman named Edmund Ross brought his family over, too, partly to look for a brighter future, and partly to fight for the free state cause. He carved a nice chunk of history later himself, as the U.S. Senator from Kansas whose vote saved President Andrew Johnson from being thrown out of office by radicals in Congress.

Many people came in groups, to hold down the cost of the move by sharing expenses, and sometimes they were sponsored by interested parties. The new population of Kansas consisted of sod-busters, politicians, idealists, ambitious youngsters, hopeful oldsters, thrill seekers, and radical adherents of both the proslave and free state causes. The situation was nearly uncontrollable from the start.

But it didn't seem that way when the first territorial governor, Andrew Reeder, arrived, in October of 1854. Reeder, a successful Pennsylvania attorney, had been appointed by Pierce to handle the reigns of government in the New Territory, even though he had never held office or had any administrative experience. He invested right away in Kansas land, and was as excited as any other new arrival by prospects for the future.

But although Governor Reeder was warmly welcomed, his troubles began to mount fast on November 29th, with the election of Kansas' first representative to Congress. Right off, Kansas elections set a standard for pure chaos. Droves of "voters" poured over the Missouri border, and the proslave candidate was elected. He might have won anyway, but the fraudulent practices that were used incensed a lot of otherwise peaceful citizens, who had come to Kansas to farm.

Governor Reeder hoped that things would quiet down, and he set about making all the necessary arrangements for a general election the following March 30, to establish the territorial government.

But when voting day arrived, all of Kansas was in an uproar again. Armed Missourians took over polling places, and intimidated the legal voters. Lawrence alone was invaded by about 1000 men, who came armed with heavy artillery. The governor's own appointed election judges were threatened, and one area which had 3,000 registered voters tallied 6,318 votes.

Governor Reeder was getting a quick course in politics, but despite his inexperience, he was determined to do the right thing. He ordered the obviously fraudulent results in certain areas set aside, and called a special election, on May 22, to fill in the vacancies.

But apparently this wasn't the right thing to do, according to the Pierce administration. Reeder was called on the carpet, and when the special election, accomplished by the same blatantly dishonest means as the others, resulted in a militantly proslave legislature, Reeder was recalled by the President.

But Andrew Reeder was no ordinary political appointee. He was outraged by the fact that the President was angry with him, instead of with the mobs of extremists who were illegally taking control of Kansas Territory. Reeder returned to Kansas, and joined the fight for real self-determination.

Meanwhile, the new state legislature, with boundless arrogance, proceeded to validate all the elections that had been invalidated by the former governor, and seated the illegally elected candidates. This action, added to the mounting outrage of everyone who wasn't already committed to the proslave cause, resulted in consolidation of a strong opposition. The people of Kansas were determined to run their own affairs, and they were ready to fight, if necessary, to prove it. Jim Lane, the former congressman, defected from the Pierce-Douglas faction, and volunteered to lead military operations. Ex-governor Reeder and others supplied additional leadership, and the two sides lined up for the inevitable confrontations to come.

Conditions in Kansas were fearful. Because of the control of an extremist legislature and a strongly proslave new governor, citizens who dared to express a dissident opinion were burned out, tarred and feathered, or killed. Legislative appointees reflected the trend; for example, Sheriff Jones, of Douglas County, Kansas, didn't even live there, but was a Missourian, and proslave mobs roamed the streets, terrorizing everybody. Murder was a common occurrence.

Actual large-scale hostilities finally did break out, and Sheriff Jones asked for federal troops to help put down the free staters. Although nothing had ever been done to put down the border ruffians, who had stolen Kansas elections, troops were rushed to the scene. It was only by the clever strategy of Jim Lane that the free staters managed to avoid fighting with federal troops. Lane was always very careful about that, no matter how bad things got. He saved the people of Kansas the additional misery that would have resulted from being considered outlaws by the federal government.

At last, the free state leaders decided that it was time to establish their own legislature. They met at Topeka, in the spring of 1856, electing a prominent former New Englander named Charles Robinson governor, and Reeder and Lane as senators. But this action didn't sit well with the proslavers, and they were in the driver's seat. A detachment of soldiers was sent to Topeka, with an order for the "legislature" to disband. The free staters went home, quiet but thoughtful. The order to break up their meeting had come directly from the office of Secretary of War Jefferson Davis.

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Meanwhile, things went from bad to worse. Robinson, Reeder, Lane, and other free state leaders, were indicted for treason, and were sought for arrest by officials of the proslave Kansas government. Robinson was caught and held without bail for four months, and Reeder, to avoid arrest, was forced to leave the Territory in disguise. There was just no telling how far things would be allowed to go.

But 1856 was an election year, and it was a year filled with uncertainty. The mood of Congress was shifting in regard to the slavery question, which was obviously not going to go away, and the election brought further changes as well. But the new president, James Buchanan, had no new leadership to offer on the burning issue of slavery. In his inauguration address, he said:

"The whole Territorial question being thus settled upon the principle of popular sovereignty - a principle as ancient as free government itself - everything of a practical nature has been decided. No other question remains for adjustment, because all agree that under the Constitution slavery in the States is beyond the reach of any human power except that of the respective States themselves wherein it exists."

This statement was a wonder to the people of Kansas, who hadn't had much of a chance yet to experience the ancient principle of free government, but it was also something of a curiosity. Just two days later, the Supreme Court handed down the momentous decision in the Dred Scott case, which said, in effect, that it was illegal to keep slavery out of any state or territory. President Buchanan at once hailed the decision as a blessing. Apparently the idea was that the states could control slavery, if they had it, but if they didn't, the federal government was perfectly free to force it down their throats. The exceedingly clever proslave strategists had worn down their opposition to the point where slavery was being forced on the whole nation, against the wishes of most of its people, and contrary to the earnest intentions and efforts of the Founding Fathers.

But the free state cause was not without its capable and talented spokesmen. The most outstanding of these, of course, was Abraham Lincoln. In 1858, he campaigned against Douglas for the latter's senate seat, and their speeches all over Illinois were widely attended and discussed. The tall, gaunt Lincoln and the short, stocky Douglas - only five feet tall and dubbed "the Little Giant" by his admirers - were just as sharply contrasted in their views as in their persons. It's hard for us today to imagine a national leader with views like the ones Douglas expressed:

"I am opposed to Negro equality. . . I would extend to the Negro, and the Indian, and to all dependent races every right, every privilege, and every immunity consistent with the safety and welfare of the White races: but equality they never should have, either political or social, or in any other respect whatever."

Lincoln accused Douglas of trying to dull the public conscience on the matter of slavery, so it could be forced on every state and territory by Supreme Court edict. He attacked the moral evil of slavery, and with profound logic, pointed out its logical ultimate conclusion:

"Turn it whatever way you will - whether it come from the mouth of a King, an excuse for enslaving the People of his Country, or from the mouth of men of one race as a reason for enslaving the men of another race, it is all the same old Serpent; and I hold, if that course of argumentation that is made for the purpose of convincing the public mind that we should not care about this, should be granted, it does not stop with the Negro."

A great deal of time was spent by Lincoln and Douglas discussing the mess in Kansas, and the rights and wrongs of the Kansas - Nebraska Act. Douglas persisted in supporting his doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty:"

"It is no answer. . . .to say that Slavery is an evil, and hence should not be tolerated. You must allow the people to decide for themselves whether it is good or evil."

But Lincoln ridiculed this position, in view of the Supreme Court's ruling against Dred Scott:

". . .no more than a year ago it was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. . . that the people of a Territory have no right to exclude Slavery from a Territory, that if any one man chooses to take Slaves into a Territory, all the rest of the people have no right to keep them out."

The confusion in Kansas had continued all this time, without

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any let-up. Territorial governors came and went in a fast shuffle, one after another. The imprisoned free state leaders were finally released on bond, but extremists continued to control the legislature. A governor who tried to bring about some semblance of order was likely to be threatened with personal violence. Many resigned, finding it impossile to accomplish anything under such circumstances. In the seven-year history of territorial Kansas, ten governors served, and the longest period of service was less than two years.

It was required by law for the people of a territory to choose a constitution for themselves, in a popular election, before they could apply for statehood. The proslave bloc in Kansas met in Lecompton and wrote up a fantastic document, designed to stack all the cards their way. The choice of the voter was not to be for or against the proposed constitution, but "For the Constitution with Slavery" or "For the Constitution with no Slavery." All the election officials were to be appointed by the president of the constitutional convention, who would be in charge of poll books and certification. Federal territorial officers, including the governor, were to have nothing to do with it.

Section 7 of the Lecompton Constitution read, in part:

"...if...it shall appear that a majority of the legal votes cast at said election be in favor of the 'Constitution with no Slavery,' then the article providing for slavery shall be stricken from this constitution by the president of this convention, and slavery shall no longer exist in the State of Kansas, except that the right of property in Slaves now in this territory shall in no manner be interfered with..."

In other words, Heads I win, Tails you lose.

The Lecompton Constitution was just too much for the exasperated people of Kansas. While the proslavers were congratulating themselves for their unbeatable position, a new territorial legislature was being elected, and for the first time in Kansas history, both houses were controlled by free staters. Election frauds continued - one hamlet near the Missouri border, consisting of a total of 11 households, cast 1, 628 proslave ballots. But Governor Frederick Stanton invalidated this precinct, and the free state legislature was officially elected.

The new legislature assembled immediately, and urged Congress not to admit Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. This body also passed a bill to abolish slavery, over the veto of Governor James Denver, and called for a new constitutional convention. New rules were devised for the upcoming constitutional election, giving voters the choice of adopting or rejecting the entire Lecompton Constitution. When the vote was finally tallied, there was no doubt how the people felt. The Lecompton Constitution was thumpingly rejected, by a vote of 10-1.

But murders, arson, and other assorted outrages continued to occur, as the constitutional convention met at Wyandotte on March 28, 1859. Section 6 expressed the majority view:

"There shall be no slavery in this State, and no involuntary servitude, except for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

These words rang like an echo from the past, almost exactly the wording of the Northwest Ordinance, penned more than 70 years before by Thomas Jefferson.

The people of Kansas voted for the Wyandotte Consitution by a vote of 2-1. Those who framed it were understandably proud and gratified, and one of them, Solon Thacher, put it this way:

"...the feature which most endears this Constitution to my heart, and which will commend it most to the true and good everywhere, is that through every line and syllable there glows the generous sunshine of liberty."

But Kansas' troubles were far from over. In April of 1860, the subject of statehood once more came before the Congress of the United States. The House of Representatives voted for Kansas' admission under the Wyandotte Constitution, but the Senate turned it down. The people of the prairies were bewildered and disappointed.

But the ominous year of 1861 brought vast changes, not a little because of the recent election, that changed the complexion of the Senate and affected the future of just about every American living at that time, and many not yet born. On January 21, Jefferson, Davis, who had held high office in two national administrations, led an exodus of southern senators, who had resigned their seats, from the Capitol. That same day, the bill for the admission of Kansas came up again, and this time it passed the remnant of the lame-duck Senate, 36-16. The House passed it easily, and on January 29, retiring President James Buchanan, who was a tired and troubled man, signed the papers that brought Kansas into the Union as the 34th state.

Incredibly, the territorial government of Kansas continued to boil over down to the end of its existence. The fifth and final meeting of the territorial legislature, in January of 1860, was filled with chaos, as Governor Samuel Medary vetoed a bill abolishing slavery. The bill passed over his veto, and Medary eventually resigned in disgust. The last territorial governor, George M. Beebe, served until February 9, 1861, when the new state government took over. He was the only territorial governor of Kansas who stayed until he was supposed to leave.

The convenience of a long-range view shows that the Kansas-Nebraska Act was a key blunder in the strategy of the powerful proslave faction in Congress. The effect of assaults by border ruffians and other extremists on their polling places, persons, and property was to make otherwise peaceful citizens band together to fight them, and the ultimate outcome was utter defeat of proslave plans. A lot of good people were killed before the issue was decided, and grim Kansans often found themselves rejoicing over a victory amid the burned-out rubble of what had been their homes.

The strength of Kansas was literally tempered by fire, through seven tumultuous years

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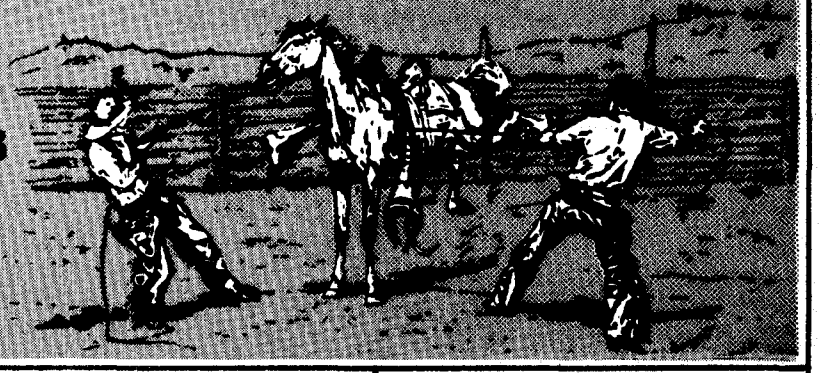
The Editor's Corral



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S PAPERS

A GRISLY CURE FOR SCURVY

A writer in the *Trinity Journal* relates that in 1850 a party of miners in the mountains of El Dorado, prospecting in an isolated place where they were without fresh meats and vegetable food, were afflicted with scurvy. Six of the worst cases were planted in the earth up to their necks, and left alone over night with a chew of tobacco apiece. The result of this attempt at earth-cure might have been happy, but for the fact that in the night coyotes came along and ate off the six heads.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, September 16, 1871

MONTANA ASKS FOR SEPARATE MILITARY DISTRICT

The Legislature of Montana has adopted resolutions asking that the territory be made a separate military department and placed under the command of General Miles.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 8, 1879

FIRE AT RENO NEVADA

The business portion of Reno, Nevada, was destroyed by fire on March 2, entailing a loss of $1,000,000 on property and of five lives.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 15, 1879

GREELEY, COLORADO, MODEL TOWN

Greeley, Colorado with a population of 3,000 souls, requires no police or constables, has no liquor stores and has only spent $7 of its poor fund in two years.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 29, 1879

ACTOR KILLED AT MARSHALL, TEXAS

Mr. Benjamin C. Porter, an actor well known in New York, was murdered in Marshall, Texas March 20, by a ruffian named Currie, who assaulted a lady under Porter's protection.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 5, 1879

LITTLE WOLF CAPTURED

Little Wolf's band of Cheyennes, who escaped from Fort Robinson, and have for over two months been a terror to settlers on the Plains, have at last been compelled to surrender by the pursuing body of troops, who captured their arms and 250 ponies.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 12, 1879

NO INDIAN UPRISING PREDICTED FOR THIS SUMMER (1879)

General Sheridan, who has recently visited the Indian country, regards the fears of a general Indian uprising in the summer as almost wholly without foundation. He characterized Sitting Bull as a petty chief without influence and greatly overrated as a warrior.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 12, 1879

FREMONT LAUDS ARIZONA'S FUTURE

Governor Fremont is extremely enthusiastic concerning his Territory of Arizona. He talks of its wonderful mineral wealth, its rich soil, its timber, its excellent grazing regions, and its delightful climate, with great pride. He thinks that Tucson is to become the great railway station for business between this country and Mexico.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 12, 1879

ELECTRICAL ORE DETECTOR, 1887 STYLE

Leadville is in a wild craze over a new electric indicator that is used to determine the location, from surface observations, of underground mineral bodies. It is the invention of a prominent electrician of Boston, and is constructed upon the theory that the strong electric currents known to be induced by large mineral bodies can be utilized to locate the latter. The machine is a simple affair, consisting of electrodes which connect with batteries in a box containing an electric needle. The influence of the electric subterranean currents upon the needle is supposed to indicate the presence of an ore body.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 8, 1887

BRIGHAM YOUNG REPORTED ALIVE TEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH

A curious tale comes from Lincoln, Nebraska, to the effect that Brigham Young is alive, that his death and burial were a deception, and that he is about to appear in Utah as one miraculously risen from the dead.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 12, 1887

OSAGE INDIANS BECOMING CIVILIZED

The Osage Indians are said to be rapidly becoming civilized. A large portion of them have nice farms and plenty of stock. In fact, some of them are getting really wealthy. They have adopted a code of laws similar to that of the Cherokees, and these laws are executed in good shape.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 12, 1887

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SIDNEY EDGERTON

(continued from page 7)

However, her health failed rapidly and her parents, becoming greatly alarmed at this turn of events, finally relented and gave their consent to the marriage.

In the meantime, Sidney, using the money he had saved from the winter's teaching at Tallmadge, entered the Cincinnati Law School at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1865, and graduated from the school that same year. A seeming impossibility, perhaps, but by studying 16 to 18 hours a day, he completed the three year course in one year. This is something his political opponents highlighted. The fact he attended law school for only one year, hence his education in law was meager. They failed to state he completed one of the hardest law courses of that time, a three year course, in one year.

He was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati but immediately returned to Akron where he opened a law office and became identified with public affairs. In 1848 he was a delegate to the convention in Buffalo, New York, where the Free Soil Party was organized from the defunct Liberty Party.

The Free Soil Party opposed the admission of any new slave states to the Union, and their ranks were swelled by a discontented faction of the Democratic Party of New York known as the Barnburners.

On May 18, 1849, Sidney Edgerton married Mary Wright at the home of her parents in Tallmadge. Evidently his affiliation with politics, and Mary's odd decline in health, made Sidney a more secure son-in-law in Alpha Wright's eyes.

The newlyweds moved to Akron where Sidney had his law practice, and in 1852, he was elected prosecuting attorney of Summit County, an office he held for four years. Then in 1856, when the Free Soil Party joined the Republican Party, Edgerton went along with the affiliation, and in 1858 was elected to Congress followed by his re-election in 1860.

Edgerton family photo album

Martha Amelia Edgerton, Sidney Edgerton's eldest child. She and three other children made the overland trip to Montana via wagon train during the spring and summer of 1863.

His record as a statesman, and as a violent, out-spoken antagonist of slavery in any form, brought him to the attention of President Lincoln. It also brought him to the attention of John Brown's family after that worthy invaded the state of Virginia in an armed insurrection.

Brown's family prevailed on Edgerton to undertake some family business while Brown was in prison at Harper's Ferry. No one else would attempt it as the state of Virginia was in an uproar as a result of Brown's foolishness. But in November of 1859, Edgerton boarded the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for the trip. He never got to see Brown, and his life was threatened on four different occasions, twice by individuals, and twice by armed components of the Virginia Militia.

Although Edgerton did not condone John Brown's attempt at the liberation of the slaves, his only explanation of this event was that he felt that every man, regardless, should have access to the law. This explanation seemed to satisfy President Lincoln, and Edgerton's friends, even though all thought it a foolhardy trip to make, and one that was greeted by great consternation by Edgerton's family.

As a result of this trip, President Lincoln was convinced of Edgerton's views on the abolishment of slavery, as well as his courage to stand up for his convictions. When Edgerton's second term as Congressman expired in late 1862, Lincoln appointed him Chief Justice of the newly created Idaho Territory to be effective June 1, 1863.

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Bannack, the first territorial capital of Montana as it appeared in the 1880's.

This was not a political plum in any sense of the word. It called for a man that would undertake to transport his family across miles of wilderness, and do the job he was appointed to do - establish Law and Order.

The Edgerton party, in the parlance of that day, "took the cars" from Akron to Cleveland, Ohio, and there boarded a lake steamer for the trip to Duluth, Minnesota. Mal de mer was prevalent among these landlubbers and during a storm, all took to their staterooms on deck where the fresh air made them feel as though life was still worth living, but not on the high seas or the Great Lakes. One experience at seafaring lasted the whole party the rest of their lives.

The original Edgerton party was composed of Sidney Edgerton, his wife Mary, and children Martha, Wright, Sidney, Jr., and Mary Pauline. His nephew, Wilbur F. Sanders, his wife Harriet, and children James and Will, plus Edgerton's niece, Lucia Darling, and a friend of the family's, Henry Tilden. On the lake crossing, they were joined by two other men on their way to the Idaho gold fields, a Mr. Booth and a Mr. Gridley, a man who later featured in the first divorce granted by the First Territorial Legislature of Montana. While outfitting at Omaha, Nebraska Territory, they were joined by the George D. French family.

Following recommendations of experienced plains travelers, Edgerton purchased army freight wagons. Motive power was supplied by two span of oxen per wagon. Oxen were preferred because the Indians had greater success in stampeding horses and mules. The Edgertons also took two milk cows to furnish milk for the youngsters, and these cows could be yoked in an emergency. The wagons were covered with the stoutest canvas available and this shed everything except the heaviest rains, dust, or the frequent hail storms.

Their provisions included flour, sugar, coffee, tea, corn meal, beans, ham, bacon, molasses, and various condiments. The bulk of these were transported in two wagons that hauled nothing but the supplies. The Edgerton's personal wagon had seats built along each side, while in the rear were piled the boxes and trunks containing personal property and clothing. On top of these were piled blankets and comforters that provided a bed at night and a couch by day for the children.

Two of the wagons had mess boxes attached to the rear. In one was carried the food for daily use of the train, and in the other the utensils for cooking and serving. Tinware was used entirely and this included the plates, cups, knives, forks, and spoons. A table could be constructed by inserting the end boards of the wagon under the mess box, but this was an uncertain affair and apt to collapse at a touch, so most of the serving was done directly from the fires to the plates, and if there were no rocks or logs handy, a person ate standing, or sitting on the uncomfortable slant of a wagon tongue.

All the men slept on the ground under the wagons. There was one tent used only by Mrs. Edgerton and Mrs. Sanders, along with the youngest children. The other children slept on the beds constructed in the rear of the wagons undisturbed by the yapping of coyotes or the howling of wolves.

Cooling was done on sheet iron stoves built in Omaha, or over open fires. Firewood was plentiful in most places, and where it was lacking buffalo chips were substituted and these, when dry, provided a smokeless, odorless, hot fire.

Dawn found the camp in motion. Women were cooking and the men were yoking the oxen.

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Breakfast was eaten hurriedly, the oxen hitched, and less than an hour after awakening, the train was on the trail.

Nooning was a rest of about an hour. No food was cooked but a cold lunch was made of bread and whatever meat remained from the morning meal. Happily unconscious of any danger from trichinosis, ham and bacon were eaten raw. Sometimes the noon meal was accompanied by dried apples for dessert, and on special occasions, Mrs. Sanders brought out the large bag of gingersnaps her mother had given her when the party left Ohio.

Wild game was occasionally given the party by other wagon trains, and infrequently killed by the hunter of the party, Mr. Booth. He had professed to one crossing of the plains but did not mention, when he was hired as guide and hunter, that he had traveled a route farther south than the one taken by the Edgerton party. So, in reality, the party had no guide. Edgerton did supply the men of the party with the finest rifles then available even though he, and his nephew, Sanders, could not hit the inside of a barn had they been inside with all the doors closed. As a result, they had to depend on the other men in case of trouble which required marksmanship.

The wagon train never exceeded over twelve wagons at any time, but always seemed to have company during the biggest share of their journey. In their ignorance of western travel, the party went blithely on their way, fording rivers with treacherous quicksand bottoms, climbing mountains, traversing steep hillsides that threatened to plummet wagon, load, and teams into the depths of canyons. But they learned the hard way, through experience, and went their way with no mishaps.

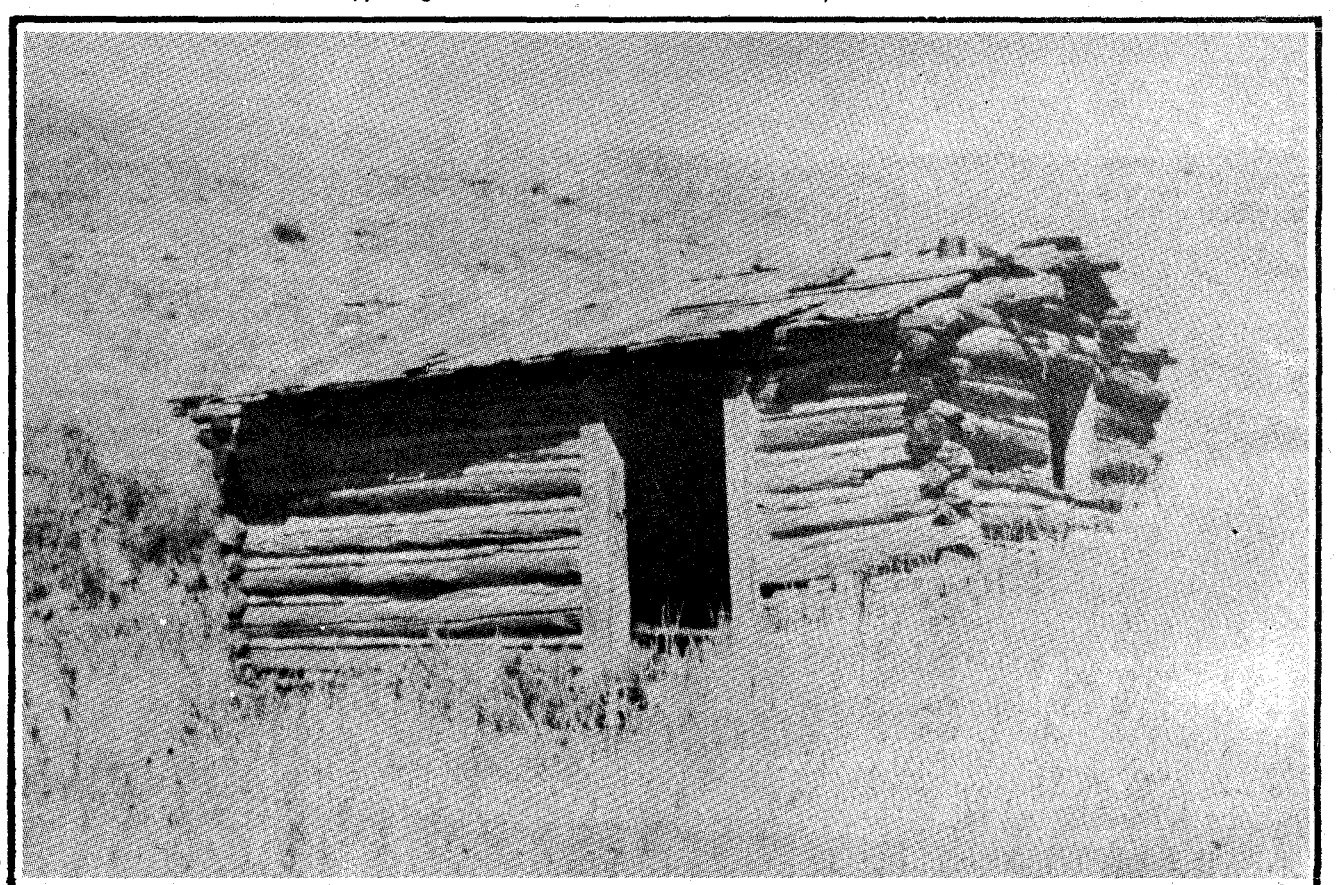
They also learned the delectable flavor of venison broiled over an open fire after a steady diet of ham and bacon, and the stinging freshness of water from a cold, clear spring after drinking the dubious lukewarm water of the Platte. Learned, too, of the cool days and glorious nights in the mountains, and their sharp smell of pine trees.

At Fort Laramie, they were advised to take the Lander Cutoff. It was far shorter and safer. No Indians had attacked a wagon train on this trail, and by taking this route, they could avoid considerable heat and dust as the Trail was confined mostly to the mountainous region.

At the toll bridge, on the Henry's Fork of the Snake River, the Edgerton party met Mrs. Henry Plummer on her way to the States. When informed she was Plummer's wife, they immediately asked who Plummer might be. They were told of the Crawford incident and informed there was some question as to Plummer's honesty.

The Edgerton party forded the Snake at the toll bridge in preference to paying, what they considered, the outrageous toll charge. In the process, they nearly lost Sander's wagon, wife, and children. But they were rescued, the wagon righted, and the party camped that night at Market Lake on the

A typical gold miner's cabin in Montana Territory of the 1860's.



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Salt Lake City-Bannack road.

After leaving Market Lake, they went north on the Bannack road, crossed the Bitterroot Mountains and Horse Prairie. From the summit of Horse Prairie Hill, just above Bannack, they had their first sight of their future home, September 17, 1863. They were all ready and eager to feel walls around them and a roof over their heads once more.

It is well known that utility and expediency, not beauty, was the main consideration in building the log cabin of the pioneer and the Edgerton home, while in Bannack, was no exception. It did have a whip-sawed plank floor and had been used, at one time, as a store. It had to be remodeled before the family could move in, and this was accomplished with speed and the minimum of labor and material.

Just before Thanksgiving of 1863, Henry Plummer, evidently trying to curry favor with the Chief Justice of the Territory, invited Sidney Edgerton and his wife to Thanksgiving dinner. N. P. Langford wrote a version describing this dinner that was, perhaps, a flight of fancy. It did not impress the Edgertons as being out of the ordinary because they never made mention of it on their return home — not even to satisfy the curiosity of their 13 year old daughter, Martha.

There had been a great deal of unrest among the miners of Bannack as to the validity of their holdings. They could not make the winter trip to Lewiston to record their claims due to the terrain and the weather and did not dare leave, even if possible, because of the claim jumpers. The miners had their mining districts with recorders, but many miners did not trust this method to a great extent, and the only recourse they had in case of an argument was the "miner's courts" of the gold camps. These were administered with the minimum of law experience and the maximum of whiskey consumption with the result that Justice did not always prevail. With Edgerton's arrival, the disgruntled miners called on him to establish some legal registration of claims. This Edgerton could not do because to all intents and purposes he was still a private citizen even though appointed the Chief Justice and could make nothing official until he was administered the oath of office and there was not a man east of the Rockies that was qualified to do this task. This lead to a movement to organize a new territory from the eastern portion of Idaho Territory, one that could be administered from Bannack.

Edgerton, having been convinced of the vastness of Idaho Territory, realized it could not be policed, or governed, from a point west of the Rockies. This was especially true during the winter months. So he agreed to go to Washington and present a petition to the government for the establishment of a new territory.

He planned to leave for Washington in December of 1863, but numerous incidents occurred to make him postpone his journey. One was a heavy fall of snow that disrupted all stage travel, or the formation of any large wagon trains, the only means of safe travel on the Bannack-Salt Lake City road. The road agents activities had increased, and it was during this time that an event occurred that proved beyond a doubt that Plummer, the sheriff of eastern Idaho Territory, was connected with the road agents and their depredations.

Henry Tilden, the young man from Ohio that had accompanied the Edgerton party west, was sent to Horse Prairie to obtain a beef to be slaughtered for meat. On his return, he was stopped by three masked men who proceeded to go through his pockets, but found only a comb and a picture of his sweetheart. They let him go, with a warning not to talk, and Tilden departed as rapidly as possible. Rushing down Horse Prairie Hill, his horse stepped in a hole and threw him. This was too much for Tilden, and he made the night vocal with his shrieks for help. More frightened than hurt, he ran the remaining distance to town to the Sanders residence and told Mrs. Sanders of his frightful experience. She took him to the Edgerton home where he repeated his story to Sidney Edgerton. His positive identification of Henry Plummer, as one of the three men, was by Plummer's well-known flamboyant overcoat lined with red silk, the only one of its kind in Bannack. As many of the men in Bannack had suspected Plummer of having some connection with the numerous robberies and killings that seemed to increase each week, Tilden's report verified their suspicions.

In late December of 1863, Erastus "Red" Yager, a known road agent, named Henry Plummer as the head of the road agent's organization known as "The Innocents". With this identification, Wilbur Sanders told Edgerton that the days of lawlessness were numbered, and asked Edgerton to forget his trip to Washington until the road agents were hanged or driven from the region.

In Februrary it was deemed safe enough to attempt the trip, and, although the temperature was far below zero, Edgerton and his party started for Salt Lake City by horse. What that long ride to Salt Lake City meant in danger and discomfort could only be understood by those who made it. Edgerton never mentioned that mid-winter trip through some of the roughest mountains and weather that could be encountered in the whole country.

At Salt Lake City, Edgerton took the Overland stage and in a comparatively short time, for that day and age, he was in Washington. Here he secured the division of the Idaho Territory aided immensely by his connections in Congress and his friendship with President Lincoln. Edgerton's verification of the extreme difficulty in administrating any sort of justice, or enforcing laws, in a territory the size of Idaho was one of the clinching arguments. Another was the numerous gold ingots that had been sewn in the lining of his overcoat and the gold nuggets and gold dust he had carried in his suitcase. This show of wealth helped convince Congress of the advisability of establishing a new Territory. Only to Edgerton must be given the credit that the present State of Montana's border does not end at the crest of the Conti-

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nental Divide as was recommended by many . He insisted it be on the crest of the Coeur d'Alenes, thus giving the state the mines and rich agricultural lands of the region west of the Continental Divide to the crest of the Bitterroot Mountains.

His duty to the citizens of the new Montana Territory was accomplished on May 26, 1864. Edgerton, worried as to the condition of his wife who had been pregnant when he left Bannack, immediately left Washington for the return trip. This was not the smart thing to do as others had aspirations to the governorship of the new, rich Territory, and had strong influences to back them. One of these had a brilliant military record while Edgerton's active part in the Civil War consisted of a brief journey to Cincinnati with the "Squirrel Hunters", a home guard organization to help catch General Morgan and stop his raids into Ohio. So Edgerton's absence from Washinton, before the appointment was made, naturally gave the other applicants the advantage.

Nothing more surely proved President Lincoln's confidence in Edgerton's ability, and that he was the right man for the position, than his appointment of Edgerton, effective June 22, 1864, as the first Territorial Governor of the new territory. This appointment Edgerton knew nothing about until his arrival at Salt Lake City on his return journey to Bannack. Another surprise awaiting Edgerton was the birth of a daughter just three days prior to the official establishment of Montana Territory. This girl, born at Bannack, was named in honor of the territory in which she was born — Idaho.

Soon after Edgerton's return from Washington, other officials of the Territory began to arrive. All the new arrivals were entertained at the Edgerton home until other facilities were made available.

The first of these was the new United States Attorney for the territory, Edward B. Neally. Chief Justice Hosmer was the next to arrive, bringing with him a young wife and two children by his first marriage. These four stayed at the Edgerton home until they left, two weeks later, for Virginia City. It was decided, by Edgerton and Hosmer, that this would be the best site for the new judiciary as Virginia City was booming and Bannack was all ready in a decline even though it was the capitol of the Territory.

Congress had now set the Territorial government in motion, but had failed to produce the necessary money to oil the machinery. A few prominent men, Edgerton included, advanced the money needed to keep the territorial government in operation but it soon became apparent that aid would be needed from the national government if they were to continue. Letters requesting monetary assistance were ignored, and it was again decided that Edgerton could best present the conditions in the new territory to the authorities in Washington. However, he could not leave until the arrival of the Territorial Secretary, a post Congress was finding some difficulty in filling. Two men had been appointed but declined because of the extreme distance to be traveled, the lack of creature comforts available, and the meager salary that accompanied the position. Meanwhile, the First Territorial Legislature convened at Bannack on December 12, 1864, and it was a tumultuous gathering.

The Civil War was still in progress and the southern element predominated in Montana Territory. This resulted in frequent clashes between members of the Legislature, and many times resulted in fist fights causing grudges that were carried for years.

Some of the southerners were men who had either been driven from their homes by the war, or had gone west to escape being forced into the Condeferate Army. Others had been captured by Union troops and had given their parole not to fight against the United States government again, and to make sure they were not tempted to break their parole, had been escorted to the Idaho gold fields. Many of these men, called "galvanized Yankees" were avid in their support of the Confederacy, and most were veterans that had been captured from General Price's Confederate forces. There were many others that desired to escape serving in either the Union, or the Confederate forces, and left the States before being drafted. Today they are called "conscientious objectors". In World War I & II, they were known as "draft dodgers", but during the Civil War they were known as "cowards".

These were the type of men that would have to be molded into a governing body for the new territory. The man that did this had to be a man that was set in his ways, knew the law, and fully intended to enforce the oridnances then governing all United States territories. A more dedicated man than Sidney Edgerton could never have been found in , or outside, the territory he was responsible for creating.

When the law requiring office holders to swear they had never borne arms against the United States was put in effect, just prior to the convening of the first Territorial Legislature, Edgerton saw fit to enforce it to the letter. When Colonel Rogers , late of General Price's Confederate forces in Missouri, refused to take what was then referred to as "The Ironclad Oath", Edgerton refused him admittance to the governing body, and also refused to convene the Legislature until this matter was corrected. This stand resulted in the eventual change of the name of Edgerton County, already established, to that of present day Lewis and Clark County, and is another reason that Edgerton has never since received recognition from the territory, or the state, he was so instrumental in founding and setting in operation.

While the argument was going on about the seating of Rogers, rabid Southern partisans declared that no flag of the United States would ever fly over Montana Territory. Edgerton immediately nailed a large American flag to the front of his house, there being no flag pole available. That night riders roamed the streets of Bannack and many shots were fired but it was noted that none went through the flag, nor were there

(continued on page 73)

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

LIVES NEAR BIRTHPLACE OF POKER ALICE

Dear Sirs:

Although the "Real West" magazines are several months old when they reach our newsagents over here I thoroughly enjoy every issue. Have just finished reading the very interesting article on "Poker Alice" (Nov. '70.). Sudbury, where she was born is just a few miles from where I live. It is still a small market town, and guess the town itself hasn't altered much in all those years since Alice emigrated to the U.S.A. Any reader interested in learning more of her birthplace cares to write to me I'll be happy to help all I can, and perhaps send one or two views.

Yours sincerely,
Kathleen Oxlade,
56 Out Risbygate,
Bury Saint Edmunds,
Suffolk, England

TOMBSTONE, SILVER CITY

Friends:

I greatly enjoyed the October issue of REAL WEST. I love the WEST, the old as well as the new and I became a Westerner by choice having migrated from Illinois.

I have visited and am quite familiar with some of the places mentioned in Oct. RW, namely Virginia City, Fort Bridger and Tombstone. The Tombstone courthouse illustrated on page 39 contains an interesting museum and this old town is well worth a visit. Incidentally, the author of the Tombstone article made an error in referring to it as the richest gold town in old Arizona.

It was SILVER, not gold.

I have visited many ghost towns in California and Nevada. Interested persons may feel free to write to me.

Sincerely yours,
Clayton Kanagy
2930 Colorado Ave., B-3,
Santa Monica, Calif. 904045

BEAVERS ARE SMARTER THAN PEOPLE

Dear Sir:

After reading about beavers in the October 1971 issue of REAL WEST, it reminded me of a few additional facts about beavers that I learned about 55 years ago. If a tree "hangs up" after being chewed off by the beaver, the beaver will chew short pieces off the butt of the tree until it falls all the way down. A lot of humans don't have that much intelligence. If a beaver is caught in a trap it will chew its own leg off if the trapper doesn't get there soon enough. If the beaver dies in a trap, the other beavers will cover it with earth, sticks, leaves and grass. This is the nearest they can come to burying one of their colony. After that they might leave that area and look for a new place to build their dam and houses.

When building their dam and houses they show intelligence superior to most humans. If they want one end of a chunk of wood to sink, they chew the bark off about half way up the piece of wood and that end will sink in the water. If they want all of it to float they leave all of the bark on it. If they want the tall grass they use to float they chew it off *above* the ground. If they want it to sink they dig it out by the roots. All these little tricks save them a lot of work.

They prefer certain types of wood, such as alder, willow, poplar and aspen, but if that gets too scarce to get they'll chew down other varieties. If food and timber get too scarce the beaver colony will move to a better location and build a new damn and houses. No welfare, unemployment or food stamps for the beaver. It's a very smart and hard working animal.

Sincerely yours,
W. Thayer,
Box 75,
Wenatchee, Washington 99801

COLTER'S HELL

Dear Sir:

The article, JIM BRIDGER, "MISTER ROCKY MOUNTAINS", in your October issue of REAL WEST by Mr. Norman B. Wiltsey was excellently done. I have thoroughly enjoyed reading it. Mr. Wiltsey neatly avoided controversial areas but did make one serious mistake when he located 'Colter's Hell' in Yellowstone National Park. I am surprised at this since it has long been conceded that 'Colter's Hell' was on the North Fork of Stinking Water River now known as the Shoshone River. The exact spot is near present-day Cody, Wyo. This early error resulted in the belief that John Colter discovered the Yellowstone Park area. There is no acceptable evidence that Colter ever set foot in the park area proper. He may have touched the northern and eastern fringes of this national preserve.

I have been doing some original research over the years on both Jim Bridger and John Colter and will be looking forward to Mr. Wiltsey's second installment.

Very truly yours,
Frank H. Dickson,
Apt. 911, 4111 Ingersoll Ave.,
Des Moines, Iowa 50312

DISAGREES WITH ARTICLE ABOUT BILLY THE KID

Sir:

I am writing in protest of the story about John Poe, by Ruth Whitehead in REAL WEST, November 1971 issue. In two places the article stated that Poe was with Pat Garrett when he killed Billy the Kid in 1881. The Kid was killed in 1880 and Poe was not in the posse. My mother was Dovie Jane Garrett. Did you ever wonder why Billy had only his pants on when he was killed (He was not armed). He had a Mexican girl friend, but because he was an outlaw he could not marry her, so his best friend did, Pat Garrett. There were twin girls born to Garrett's wife and they were both the picture of Billy. That is why he did not accept a pardon. Because of this he said Pat was going to kill him. One of the girls died at age 15. The night Billy was killed he had been next door with his girl friend (Pat's wife). That is why he

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was not dressed, and he was not armed.

Very truly yours,
W. H. Childress,
8534 Garvey,
Rosemead, California 91770

Sorry we cannot agree with you. Billy the Kid was killed by Pat Garrett in 1881 not 1880. The rest of your letter sounds like a movie or TV version of the killing of Billy the Kid.

WOULD LIKE INFORMATION ON FRENCH IN EARLY CALIFORNIA

Dear Sir:

I'd like to hear from those who may know any details about the French-American colonists who came to California sometime between 1795 and 1810. They landed from a Boston brig and made a temporary tent camp near the entrance to Upper Newport Bay. Here, the party split up, a few remaining at the bay in California while the larger number of them sailed on up to Oregon to trap for furs. Those who had chosen to stay in California lived on the back bay for twenty years and, for some unknown reason raised a flag of the United States of America. At that time, it was Spain's policy to exclude foreigners from Alta California but these "French-Americans" were exceptions. Possible identification of these colonists is that they had lived in the French owned Louisiana territories in 1803, when Napoleon completed the sale of the United States' Louisiana Purchase. The inhabitants were to be made U. S. citizens as quickly as possible, perhaps in 1804.

However, years earlier, "Louisiana" had been transferred to Spain by a secret treaty in 1762, this being made formal in 1769, the same year that Junipero Serra began the establishment of missions in Alta California. In 1794 Spain recognized the Mississippi River as the western boundary of the United States, which made those on the east side of the river U.S. citizens, and, at this time, granted the U. S. the right, for three years, to use the port of New Orleans. In 1800, "Louisiana" retroceded to France. These events indicate a probability that the French-American colonists were from Louisiana, from the east side of the Mississippi River, who sailed out of New Orleans on an American brig at some time between 1794 and 1797.

The Early Californian, Alfonso Yorba, seemed to have some idea that there was a connection between these French-Americans and the events taking place regarding "Louisiana", when he placed the time of arrival of these people as being between the latter years of the 1790's and within the first decade of the 1800's.

There is the possibility that these colonists could have included French refugees from the insurrections and revolutions taking place on the island of Saint Dominique (present day Haiti).

Perhaps there are some among the readers who could enlighten me as to the background and identity of these French-American "colonists". What happened to those in California after the "twenty years"? What happened to those who went on to Oregon?

I would also appreciate hearing from anyone who knows anything about the bells which hung in the Russian chapels in their community and fort north of San Francisco; any informations regarding the orphans who were either adopted, or fostered, by Ygnacio Del Valle and lived at the Camulos Rancho. It is supposed that these came from the Los Angeles area, but this is uncertain. Are there any living descendants of Juan Francisco Fustero, a Piru Indian who homesteaded lands in the canyon north of Lake Piru (reservoir)?

I think that I would enjoy corresponding with others who are interested in historical events which took place from 1740 to 1860, particularly in Sweden, France, the Caribbean islands, Mexico and early California.

My husband buys Real West Magazine for himself, but when he has done with devouring it from cover to cover, it is my turn. The stories and articles and letters are, in general, interesting and informative. In this last issue, Sept., 1971, I particularly enjoyed the article by Will Carpenter, on the "Nupkas" of the agricultural Indians of the Upper Missouri River; very interesting. I have most of the "Mandan corn", the photograph and description of which appears on Page 25, and I intend to plant some of the kernels of this corn to see if it will grow well here on this desert. Because of their colorful appearance, I purchased these that I have for decorative purposes last fall. It did not occur to me to plant these until I read Mr. Carpenter's article, so I suppose that it is a little late in the season to expect much in the way of a good harvest from this first attempt. Thankyou, Mr. Carpenter and Real West!

Sincerely,
Gay Louise White,
11336 Anza Road,
Apple Valley, California 92307

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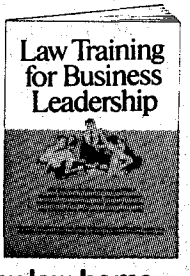

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INDIAN MELODIES OF THE WEST

By Gordon West

Indian music plays an important part in the folk lore and traditions of the West and of the nation. In addition to our favorite songs about Indians, several operas and important instrumental numbers have been composed with Indian life and people as their themes. Some songs are unforgettable in melody or words, or both! Like "Red Wing".

"Red Wing" is a mournful melody which tells the story of an Indian maiden who waits for her brave who has gone off to battle. But he never returns. Another traditional folk song handed down through the ages is "Little Mohee". It is an old ballad describing a sweet young Indian lass--Little Mohee--who fell in love with a white man from another country. A daughter of a chief, she is re-united with her love when he returns to her after his white fiance proved untrue. "Indian Love Call" is still a favorite today, its thrilling music touching the "romantic" part in all of us. Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, in a Hollywood movie of the 1930's, popularized this tune to millions of Americans.

Music played an important part in all phases of the life of the Indian -- still does! Especially in studying their religious life does one find that music was used so often and so importantly. War songs gave vivid pictures of a warrior courageously facing whatever might come in battle. Often, singers would imitate the cries and noises of birds and animals. Indians also have their love songs and their social songs. Indian music is very simple in words and melody -- there are many musical syllables in a song, and often they are repeated. Pioneer-day Indian youths were taught tribal prayers and war songs and chants. There was a lot of unison singing.

Charles Wakefield Cadman (1881-1947) is the author of two operas dealing with the relationship of Indians to white man's civilization. "Shanewis", in 1918, was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. In 1925, "The Sunset Trail" was premiered in Denver. Cadman's "Thunderbird Suite" deals with Omaha Indians. He is most famous for "Land of the Sky Blue Waters."

Charles S. Skilton (1868-1941) also composed "Indian operas". He introduced "The Sun Bride" in 1930 and "Kalopin" in 1927. He is familiar to Kansans and Midwesterners especially, as in 1915 he joined the faculty of the University of Kansas as a teacher. His orchestra numbers include "Deer Dance," "War Dance," "American Indian Fantasie," "Suite Primeval," and "Sioux Flute Serenade".

Arthur Nevin (1871-1943) is author of the opera "Poia", based on the lore of the Blackfeet Indians of Montana. It was produced at the Berlin Opera House in 1909.

Carl Busch's symphonic poem, "Minnehaha's Vision" is famous, and he is known also, for "Four Indian Tribal Melodies" for string orchestra and "A Chant from the Great Plains" for military bands.

Alberto Bimboni wrote the opera "Winona" in 1926. He used interesting Indian themes in it, as did Cadman and others.

Edward MacDowell wrote "From an Indian Lodge" and "Indian Suite" in 1896 for an orchestra presentation. It includes a story on a legend, a love song, war, dirge, and a festival. It was about the Iroquois Indians and many believe it among his best works. He is famous to most Americans for his beautiful and memorable "To A Wild Rose" and "To a Water Lily".

The American Indian has gained immortality in beautiful, memorable music of the West. ●RW

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SIDNEY EDGERTON

(continued from page 69)

marks of bullet holes in the log house of the Governor.

The newly appointed Territorial Secretary, Thomas Francis Meagher, arrived in Bannack in August of 1865. He had been a Union general who had gained some measure of fame from the actions and bravery of the organization he was fortunate enough to command. He had also incurred the enmity and hatred of all who served under him, and those unfortunate enough to be attached to his command. This was because of his drunkenness and his brutality to walking wounded during various battles. Most, if not all, of his fighting was done far behind the lines where the actual action was in progress, and where his most dangerous opponents were the walking wounded going to the rear for treatment. Treatment that required additional attention due to his beating these men with his sword. A statue to this man stands on the capitol grounds at Helena, Montana.

Meagher stayed in Bannack only a few days after his arrival as he was anxious to feather his own nest and the strike at Virginia City was too great a temptation. In the meantime, Edgerton resumed his preparations to go to Washington to obtain financial assistance from the federal government. Just prior to his departure, he sent word to Meagher to return to Bannack so he could be given the oath of Acting Governor during Edgerton's absence. Meagher returned and stayed in Bannack only two days after Edgerton's departure, then appropriated the territorial papers and returned to Virginia City which he then declared to be the new capital. High-handed procedure, but he got away with it for Virginia City contained, at that time, 70 per cent of the total population of the territory.

At first it was not the intent of Edgerton to take his family to the States, but Mrs. Edgerton's health had to be considered. Also his eldest daughter, Martha, was now ready for more advanced education. The impossibility of obtaining supplies during the winter months also had a great bearing on the family's wish to be some place where these were more easily obtained.

The Edgerton family left Bannack September 16, 1865, in two wagons drawn by four mules on each wagon, a faster but rougher means of transportation than oxen. Included in the party was Lucia Darling, Edgerton's niece, and Mr. Gridley and Henry Tilden, two other members of the 1863 Edgerton trip. Also traveling with the party was James Essler, who later built the first smelter in Montana Territory.

The return trip was via Salt Lake City and then over the Oregon Trail to Nebraska City on the Missouri River. At Fort Laramie the Edgerton party was held for some time until a larger wagon train could be dispatched east. This was for protection from the Indians who had, belatedly, realized the white man was taking over their country.

Edgerton settled his family in Ohio and proceeded to Washington where he spent some time trying to obtain financial aid for Montana Territory. He was unsuccessful in his attempts, and the machinations of the men who had become politically powerful, and wealthy, from government contracts during the war, disgusted him to the point that he resigned his governorship and returned to Ohio where he established his law office in Akron and gained considerable renown as a jury lawyer.

He maintained his residence in Akron until his death on July 19, 1900, and to the very end remained an ardent champion of right and justice, and a fervent hater of all things connected with slavery in any form.

●RW

* * * * *

REFERENCE SOURCES:

History of Summit County (Ohio) — William B. Doyle

(continued on page 81)

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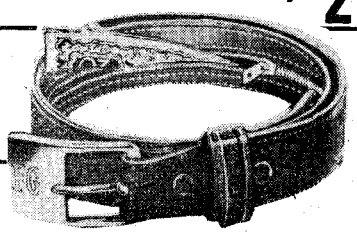

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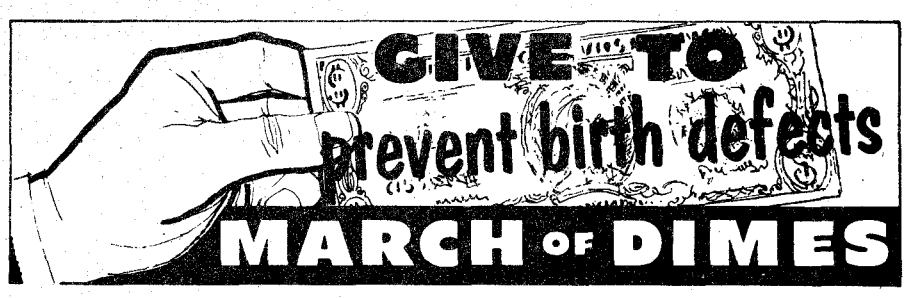

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FRANK REAUGH

(continued from page 12)

teen-age girls. Each was limited to thirty pounds of luggage, including food, cooking utensils, and a blanket or sleeping bag. Everyone had to sleep on the ground and to eat simple food such as mush, beans, and prunes.

About 1929 Reaugh completed, at Fifth and Crawford, a larger home that he called El Sibil because of the vault in the basement that stored his paintings. The building with electric lighting included a large studio and several rooms for living quarters.

Frank Reaugh continued to paint and to teach until he was past eighty and his hair was white. But his health began to fail in the fall of 1944; and a few days before Christmas of that year he was taken to a convalescent home, where he celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday. He died on May 6, 1945.

Although Reaugh could have become wealthy by selling more of his oil paintings and pastels, he gave away many to his students and other friends and held back several hundred of the best to be hung in public places after his death. On at least one occasion he refused an offer of three thousand dollars for a painting because it was part of a group that he wanted to donate.

In accord with the wishes that Reaugh expressed in writing in 1937, the trustees of his remaining art works donated a collection of large paintings to the University of Texas. They were placed in a special room of the Barker History Center, where they were viewed by many visitors. This group includes "The Approaching Herd," "Watering the Herd," "A Monarch of the Plains," and a group called "Twenty-four Hours With the Herd."

Yet the pictures given to the University of Texas were only a small fraction of the number that

(continued on page 81)

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FIRST WOMAN IMMIGRANT

(continued from page 59)

termination, fierce resolution and mother self-sacrifice had made survival possible.

On the river one day she spied a canoe and hailed it in French. To her great delight, the occupants were none other than partners McKenzie, Clarke and David Stuart of the Pacific Fur Company. They were overjoyed to find her alive, but grieved to learn of the fate of Reed and his men.

While at Fort Walla Walla, Marie entered into an alliance with Venier and to this union was born a daughter, Marguerite, in 1819. The union did not last, and some time later she became the common-law wife of John Toupin, an interpreter at the Fort.

The Toupins migrated to French Prairie, took up a land claim, and at last Madame Dorion's rigorous wanderings were at an end. Two children were born to them: Francois in 1825 and Marianne in 1827.

She became a devout Catholic and the Church blessed her alliance with Toupin. The church records of the St. Louis parish read (translated from the French): "This 19th day of July, 1841 after publication of three banns between Jean Baptiste Toupin, farmer of this place --formerly of Maschinenge, Canada--on the one part and Marie La Guivoise, born of poor infidels of the territory of St. Louis, United States, on the other part, there being no impediment, we the undersigned priest, having received their mutual consent of marriage, in the presence of Joseph Delard and Franics Xavier Laderoute, witnesses before whom the spouses have legitimized the children who were born to them before their marriage, namely, Francis, aged 16 years; Marianne, aged 14 years. The wife acknowledged having two previous other alliances, Margaret Venier, aged 22, and Jean Baptiste Dorion, 25 years. Witnesses and spouses not able to sign: F. N. Blanchet, priest."

No mention is made in this document of her son, Paul Dorion. He is believed to have wandered away and made his home with the Indians.

The church registry records Marie Toupin's death as occurring on September 5, 1850. The fact that a special dispensation permitted her to be buried beneath the crucifix of the altar instead of in the small near-by cemetery attests to her devoutness and devotion to the Catholic faith.

Recognition of her great attributes and the part she played in the history of the Northwest was late in coming.

It was not until 1935 that the Oregon Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution unveiled a marble tablet to her memory. The ceremony was presided over by Catholic Archbishop Howard and over 1,000 were in attendance.

In the beautiful mural decorating the rotunda of the Capitol in Salem, dedicated in 1938, Madame Dorion is shown mounted on a horse and carrying a child. Her name along with other illustrious pioneers is inscribed on the wall of one of the legislative chambers.

In 1950 the Dorion Club, a Portland women's club, erected a bronze tablet on the grounds of the present St. Louis Church (the third to be built through the years on the spot) to commemorate and pay tribute to her memory.

The women sought in their club name to inspire their members and women everywhere to build their lives on Marie Dorion's attributes--faith, loyalty and leadership. ●RW

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Astoria by Washington Irving

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Files of the Portland, Oregon newspaper, *The Oregonian*.

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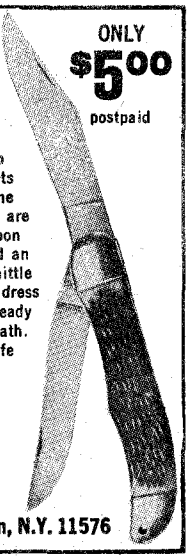

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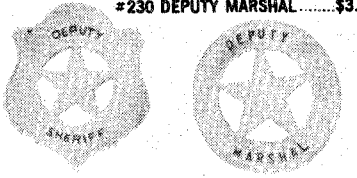

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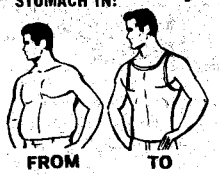
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OKLAHOMA TOWN

(continued from page 39)

Beginning to wish that he had never heard of Bethsheba, the young reporter was soon on his way back down into Oklahoma. He took field glasses along to scout out the situation as well as possible before riding boldly into the forbidden town. There were no trees or bushes to hide behind so he lay down on the grass and trained the glasses on Bethsheba.

Soon one of the women saw him and the others came to her and stared at the invading man. One woman stood in front of the others. She held a gun. The reporter trained his glasses upon her, hoping that she had not acquired a rifle since he was last there. He sighed with relief when he saw the police chief was still armed with a shotgun.

Emboldened by the knowledge that he was well out of range, the reporter stood up and walked closer. When he did the police chief fired at him. He was still well out of range so he walked closer. This was too much for the women. They turned and fled back to the shelter of their tents. The police chief dropped her gun and ran with the others.

With the shotgun accounted for the reporter walked boldly into town. Every tent flap was tightly closed. He walked up the one street and looked about. He noted that the animals and chickens were, indeed, all females. He called out asking to talk with the women but received no reply. Finally he left. As he rode away he met a man who lived in a dugout nearby. The two men talked about the strange goings-on at Bethsheba. The settler said that some of his chickens had gotten out and wandered into Bethsheba. There was a rooster in the flock and the women had killed the bird with strange, druidistic rites. He did not say how he knew about the manner of his rooster's death but his story pointed up the attitude that was growing in the area toward the no-man town.

Once more the reporter returned and wrote his story. He felt that his editor would understand about the lack of a personal interview. He was wrong. His editor was angry and gave the young reporter and ultimatum. Get a story with personal interviews with every inhabitant in Bethsheba with names, ages and places of origin. Do so or look for another job.

This sent the reporter to his horse in a hurry. There was a depression on and he prized his salary as much as his job. Now he was really worried. How could he force the man hating women of Bethsheba to give him any kind of interview, much less the complete one he wanted? For the entire three hour ride he turned over possible approaches in his mind. He could have saved his time. As he neared Bethsheba's location he pulled his horse up and looked about in bewilderment. There was no town! He checked the other landmarks. Only the town was gone.

Feeling like he was in a bad dream, the reporter rode on to where Bethsheba's dusty tents had stood only a week ago. There was only a litter scattered about such as might have been left at a wagon train's overnight stop.

Thinking of his editor's wrath, the reporter rode to the nearest claim and talked to the settlers who lived there. And there he learned all that was known of the fate of Bethsheba. One of the residents of the town had told the settler's wife that the women found that beginning life alone on the plains was too hard for them, that they were afraid and unhappy and did not get along well with one another.

"One night we went to bed and Bethsheba was there. When we got up in the morning it was gone," the settler said. "It is a mystery to us. We never did know where the women came from and we don't know where they went."

And the mystery remained. An early day womens' lib movement on the Oklahoma plains had failed. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Contemporary Kansas newspaper files.

Oklahoma Orbit of February 19, 1961.

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KANSAS STATEHOOD

(continued from page 63)

as a territory, followed by four more of civil strife. The end product was a solid, productive state populated by tough, resolute people, who have justified every aspect of Abraham Lincoln's confidence, expressed as he raised the American flag with Kansas' star in the field for the first time, on February 22, 1861. The occasion was filled with drama and portent, as the great president-elect, speaking on George Washington's 129th birthday at Independence Hall in Philadelphia, raised the new flag, and spoke to those assembled:

"I wish to call your attention to the fact, that, under the blessing of God, each additional star added to that flag has given additional prosperity and happiness to this country until it has advanced to its present condition; and its welfare in the future, as well as in the past, is in your hands."

●RW

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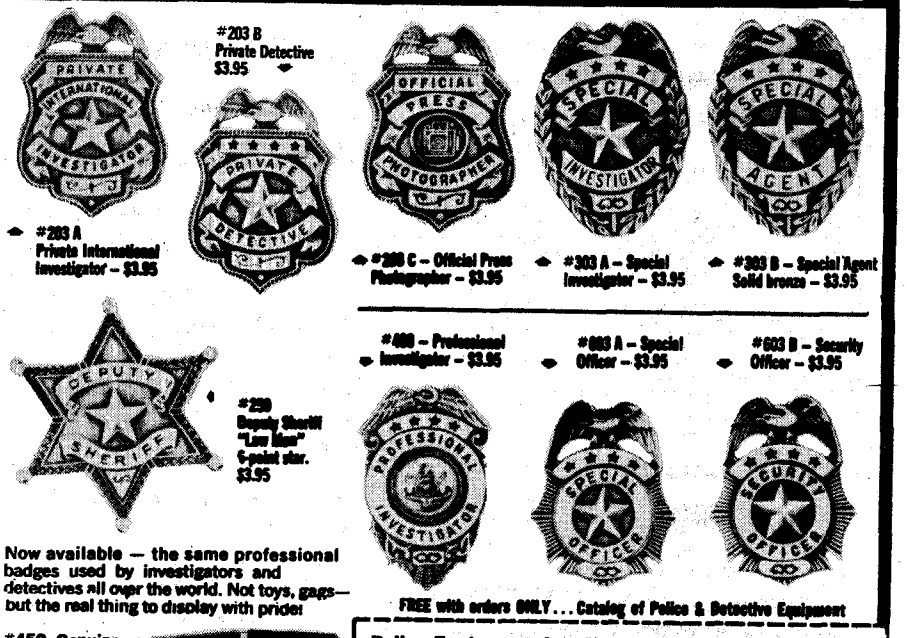
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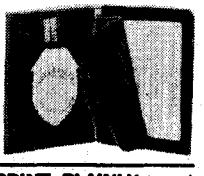

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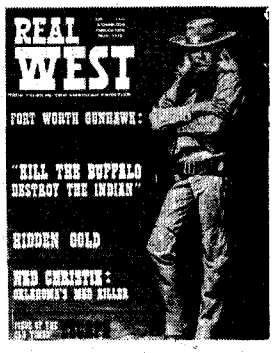

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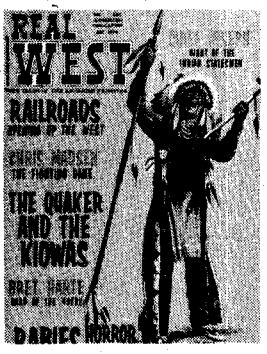

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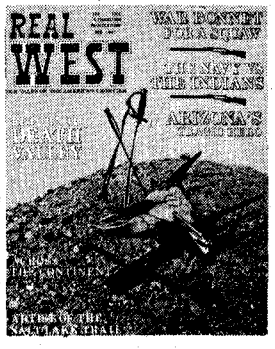

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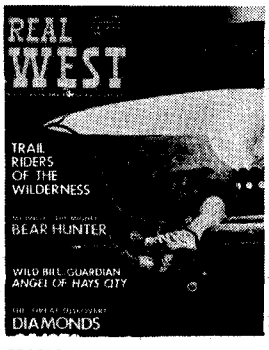

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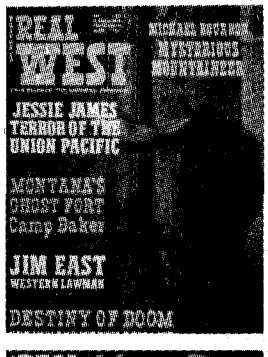

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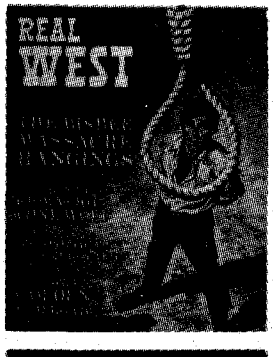

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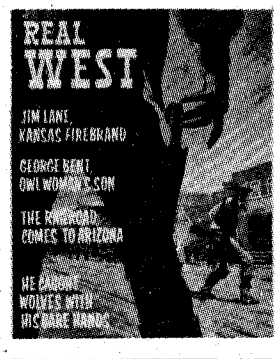
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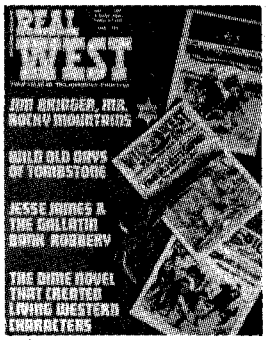
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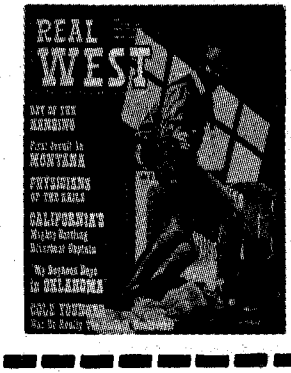

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

and whisky. The 1st, 2nd and 3rd Indian regiments, all originally designated as home guards, were brigaded with Kansas cavalry and artillery. They were sent south to recapture from the Confederate troops what is now the upper part of Oklahoma.

Before going into battle many of the Indians in the Union forces invoked their own "medicine" to ward off enemy bullets, however they were not allowed to fight in their own way but put in full uniform with military caps and were marched off in columns of four abreast, singing a war song of the whites. However, many of the Union troops of the Indiana brigade had armed themselves with enormous fighting knives and hatchets. When the Indians fighting for the Confederacy had done the same, they were called barbaric. Many stories of atrocity sprung up about the Indian, which in reality were no more horrible than that being done by the Union troops.

The 1st Indian regiment, made up mostly of Cherokee, surprised a camp of the Confederates taking over 100 prisoners. To be on the winning side, many of the Indians fighting for the South went over to the Union side, but with the next victory of the Confederate troops, would switch back again.

Confusion among the Confederate Indians was aggravated by two breaches in the Southern chain of command, and in the Cherokee Nation. Pike claimed that supplies for his Indians were diverted to white troops in Arkansas. He claimed that Major General T. C. Hindman and Lieutenant General Theophilus Holmes, the Southern commanders in that area, and their subordinates, seized 6500 uniforms, 300 tents, and large amounts of munitions as well as payroll cash, while he personally had to pay $2000 for 400 pair of shoes for his barefoot Indians.

General Pike stated that while the Confederate officers were robbing the Indians, the Union officers were sending their Choctaw prisoners home, after giving them clothing and money, and that no one need be astonished when all Indians would turn against the South. Pike was so angry he resigned his Confederate command. He was at once placed under arrest, but was later released and his resignation accepted.

Another blow fell to the South when John Ross, the principal chief of the Cherokee nation, let himself be captured with documents and the tribal treasury, by the Union forces. Ross had never been in favor of secession and was soon reported to be in Washington dickering to return all his tribesmen to the Union. The secessionist Cherokees called a council meeting and ousted Ross and elected Stand Watie as their principal chief. To cinch his status, the Confederacy made Watie a brigadier general. A small war broke out within the Cherokee nation, many full-bloods switched to the Union side while Watie's half-bloods stood firm with the Confederacy.

When the strength of the Confederate army collapsed west of the Mississippi, the Indian warfare for the Confederacy became a series of raids. In this they excelled. Watie and his horsemen would harass a Federal supply train, and in one surprise attack captured a United States supply ship on the Arkansas River, riding off with ample provisions and other supplies.

Watie and Colonel Peter B. Pitchlynn, chief of the Choctaws, did not surrender with their men until June 23, 1865; after all other Confederate Army commands had yielded.

The Indians suffered a loss as heavy as one third, in the war between the States, but on whichever side they fought they did so with bravery, and proved themselves to be good fighters.

●RW

SIDNEY EDGERTON

(continued from page 73)

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FRANK REAUGH

(continued from page 74)

Reaugh still had at the time of his death. Early in 1960 the trustees gave five hundred of them to the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum in Canyon, Texas, and two hundred to the library of Texas Technological College in Lubbock. Both are near Tule Canyon and some of the other sites where the artist liked to set up his easel.

In Dallas where Reaugh spent most of his life and did nearly all of his mature work, people still can see some of his best oils and pastels. Besides those in the homes of his former students and other friends, there are at least one each on public display at the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, the Dallas Public Library, the Hall of State, Southern Methodist University, and the Hockaday School.

J. Evetts Haley, the eminent historian, has pointed out that "among the great artists of the frontier who caught the challenge and the glory of that vital age in enduring color, Frank Reaugh was the first great painter to see the artistic possibilities of the lanky Longhorn steer."

The Longhorns, which are shown in a large proportion of his pictures, found in Reaugh an ideal champion. He once wrote: "I got my best cattle sketches while real Texas cattle were plentiful, between 1876 and 1890." They made, he added, "a wonderful subject--graceful, agile, and alert, and the most colorful animal in existence." Those who see them in his pictures will agree. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Interviews with friends of Frank Reaugh.

Newspaper clippings from the Dallas *Morning News* and the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*.

Address by Roy C. Ledbetter on the presentation of Reaugh paintings to the University of Texas, April 27, 1950, published as an article in the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, July, 1950.

Pamphlet: J. Evetts Haley, *F. Reaugh, Man and Artist*, 1960.

Alice Bab Stroud and Modena Stroud Dailey, *F. Reaugh, Texas Longhorn Painter*, 1962.

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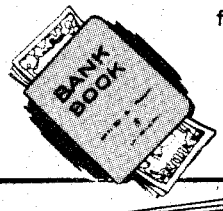

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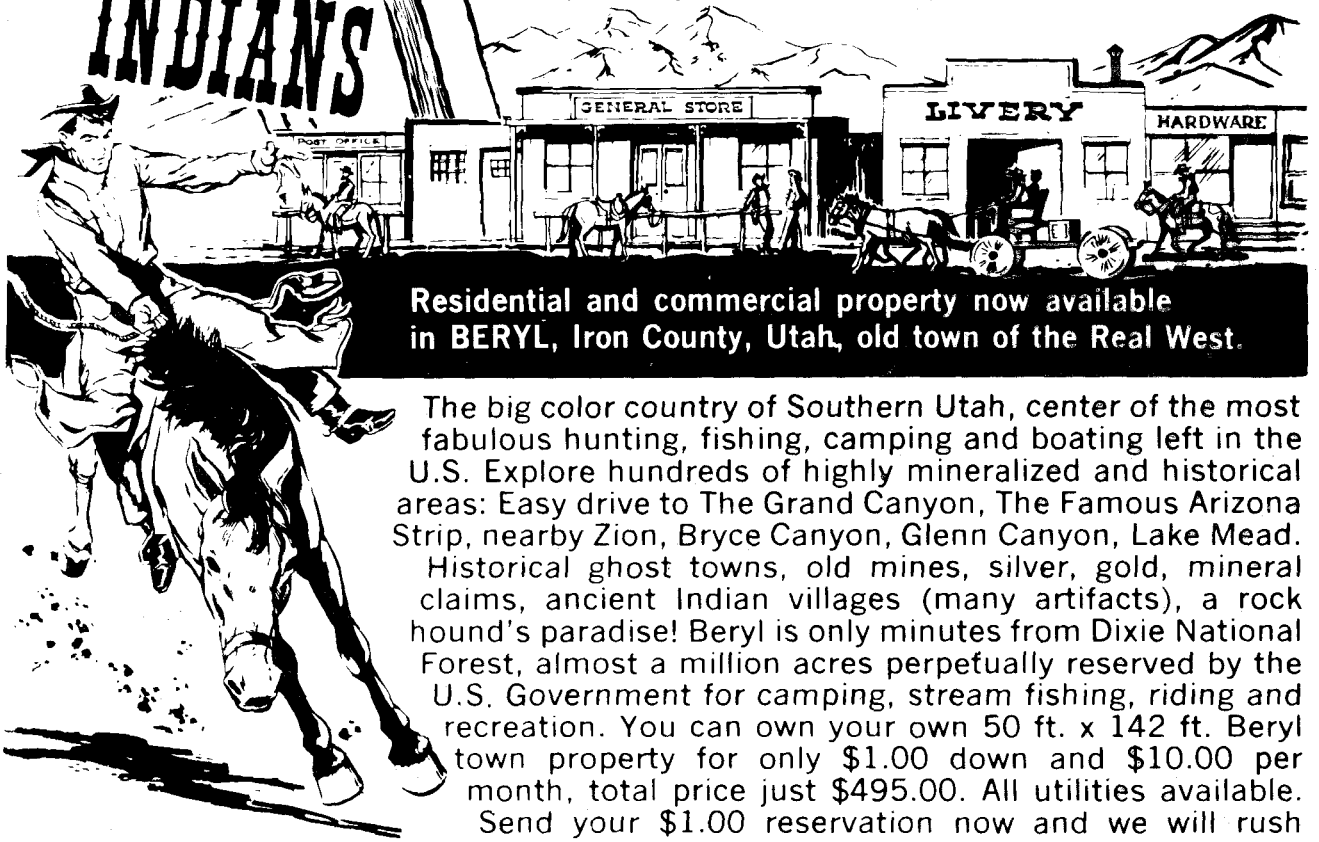

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